

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.

This Paper is published early every Saturday Morning; and is forwarded, Weekly, and in Monthly or Quarterly Parts, throughout the British Dominions.

No. 177.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1822.

Price 6d.

Review of New Books.

Journal of a Tour through the Netherlands to Paris in 1821. By the Author of ‘Sketches and Fragments.’ 12mo. pp. 170. London, 1822.

THE Countess of Blessington certainly possesses the pen of a ready writer, for this is the third work she has given to the public within the last six months. The first ‘The Magic Lantern,’ reflected little honour on her ladyship’s genius; the second, ‘Sketches and Fragments,’ was of a higher character, and we were enabled to speak very favourably of it. The present volume, though not superior to the latter in point of literary merit, is, from the nature of the subject, more interesting, and not only shews her ladyship’s talents, but her feelings and sentiments in a favourable light.

The Countess of Blessington is a lively and agreeable writer; and, though she writes often, she does not fatigue us with much at a time, for the largest of her productions may be despatched in the course of an hour’s reading; in that period you may even traverse the Netherlands and France with her ladyship, and ‘mark, learn, and inwardly digest’ every subject that the fair author has deemed worthy of notice.

Vanity in a fine woman is always pardonable, and that Lady Blessington comes under this class, we can assure our readers—not only on the faith of Sir Thomas Lawrence’s portrait, but on the positive evidence of a brother journalist, who tells us, that she is ‘graceful and charming;’ and that her ladyship’s hand (O! that he were a glove on that hand!) surpasses every thing of the kind in nature or art.’ But we have alluded to the vanity of Lady Blessington, which displays itself in the ‘advertisement,’ where we have the common-place cant, that this journal was written for amusement and not for publication, and that her ladyship is only induced to give it to the world, in consequence of her friends having intimated, ‘that the writings of such a person as the author

of “Sketches and Fragments” would receive attention.’

But, to come to the work itself; we learn that her ladyship left London on the 10th of September, 1821; that she had a bad bed and a worse breakfast at Rochester, and that her ladyship loves the moon and moonlight walks. At Calais, Lady Blessington met Lord and Lady Hood, Lady Anne Hamilton, and Dr. Lushington, on their return from doing the last sad offices to our late injured Queen, whom Lady Hood declared to have died of a broken heart. The remarks of Lady Blessington on this subject do her much credit, and the same observation applies to her respect for the memory of Napoleon. Speaking of Cassel, Lady B. says:—

‘Napoleon, in 1808, was some days at Cassel, and remained several hours of each day on the summit of the Fort Hill, examining the different commanding situations and fortified towns, and making notes on them. It is said that it was his intention to build a tower on this hill; but if so, it was never commenced. It would be an admirable situation for his grave or for a large stone pillar to his memory. If I were sovereign of France I would erect one, for the two-fold purpose of showing that I could honour splendid talents though in an enemy, and as a memento to remind all who passed within view of it, of the instability of human greatness.

The fate of this wonderful and brilliant meteor is surely one of the most striking moral lessons that ever were given to mankind. In him we see that no endowments, however great, or acquirements, however brilliant, are proof against giving way to vain glory and ambition. Had Napoleon, when in 1808 he stood on the hill at Cassel, exulting in present and anticipating future successes, been cautioned by some philosopher, as Crœsus, in the zenith of his prosperity, was by Solon, perhaps, like him, he would have despised the counsel that warned him of the vanity and uncertainty of all sublunary good, and have valued it only when he had experienced its truth; but even then his recollection of it would have availed him little on this side of the grave; for, alas! among the crowned heads that decided his destiny, there was no Cyrus.’

Again when at the Château Lacken at Brussels, formerly the residence of

Napoleon, a visit to his bed-room gave rise to the following reflections:—

‘It was here that, as a conqueror receiving universal homage, reposed that head whose cogitations so often agitated all Europe. Here, pillowed on down, and surrounded by all the appendages of state and luxury, reclined that form which lately found its last resting-place on a soldier’s hard bed, and is now hid beneath a tomb simple and unadorned as that of the humblest soldier that ever fell beneath his banners. I looked from the windows, whence he too had viewed the prospect; and I felt a melancholy pleasure in fixing my eyes where his also had often glanced. How frequently, in the desolate island where he pined in captivity, and beneath a roof unworthy of sheltering a head that had once worn a crown, must he have recalled the memory of past days, when, master of empires, and possessed of palaces, he little dreamed of drawing his last sigh in exile, denied even the comforts which his debilitated frame required. It is said that it is from days of past prosperity that adversity borrows her sharpest darts. How must the recollection of his past greatness have increased the sufferings of Napoleon! Unfeeling must the mind of that person be, who can view any of the palaces which he so long possessed, without feeling a pang, while contrasting it with the spot where he spent so many years of anguish, and where, exhausted by bodily and mental sufferings, he breathed his last sigh; unattended by wife or child, and indebted to the attachment of a few faithful friends for the last duties of humanity. While Napoleon possessed empires, and gave laws to the half of Europe, I could condemn his overweening ambition and selfishness, and shrink from his hardness of heart and want of principle; but since he has fallen from his greatness, I can feel no sentiment but pity for his situation, and disgust at the littleness of mind that could lead his enemies to trample on a fallen foe, and abridge his days by ill treatment.’

Lady B. felt much impressed with seeing a funeral at Cassel, that of a child which was borne to the grave by other children of seven or eight years old, and followed by mourners of the same age. This custom is not, however, peculiar to Cassel, but prevails in the north of England. At Cassel:

‘Amongst the numerous carved images in the church, the most remarkable was a figure of our Saviour after being taken

down from the cross : the crown of thorns on the head, with the blood represented trickling down the face, and a linen drapery thrown over the body ; the Virgin standing close by in an agony of grief, with a sword plunged through her heart. This frightful representation is horribly natural in carving and colouring ; and having real draperies, the effect is rendered still more disagreeable. Those figures are placed in the lower recess of the altar, and, at the first glance, really alarm the beholder. All such exhibitions must strike the English traveller as being most impious. We are commanded “not to make to ourselves any graven image, or the likeness of any thing that is in heaven,” &c. ; “not to bow down to them or worship them ;” and with this command given to us, it appears perfectly sacrilegious to see the temples of “the Most High” crowded with tawdry images.’

But we are detaining our readers too long on the road, and must conduct them to Paris, where our fair tourist arrived on the 27th of September, that is just seventeen days after leaving London. At the church of Notre Dame, Lady B. noticed one of those silly attempts of the Bourbons to make Napoleon forgotten :—

‘ It was in this church that, in 1804, Napoleon was crowned, with even more than “all the pomp and circumstance” of state attending such pageants ; and here, in eleven years after, every vestige of his reign was destroyed ; so that now not a solitary eagle or bee remains out of the countless thousands of those emblems, that once decorated this church. Their places are supplied by *fleur-de-lis*. But the absence of every emblem of Napoleon, speaks of him more eloquently to the memory, than all those that blazoned forth his state in the days of his power. When Napoleon was crowned, he presented his coronation robes and the splendid draperies of his throne to the church of Notre Dame ; also some very fine pieces of plate. On the restoration of the Bourbons, they had the splendid embroidery ripped from the robes, all the bees taken off, and the rich borders put on others, on which the *fleur-de-lis* were embroidered. The draperies, too, have been robbed of every attribute of Napoleon, and covered with *fleur-de-lis*, and, at the baptism of the Duke de Bourdeaux, all the draperies used at the coronation of Buonaparte were again displayed.’

The day after her arrival in Paris Lady B. visited the Louvre and the cemetery of Père la Chaise, and gives a lively description of a grave subject :

‘ Will it be believed, that, even to the “Narrow House,” fashion carries its influence—but so it is ; and all the persons of a certain rank, that is to say, those who can afford to pay for it, who may enter the dull precincts of death at Paris, are consigned to Père La Chaise, which is certainly the

most cheerful (if I can apply this term to such a place) church-yard that ever was seen.

‘ The French only could have thought of decorating the last sad earthly home, as this is adorned ; nothing can be more incongruous ; every size, sort, and shape of monument, from the pyramid of Egypt in miniature to the ornamented Gothic chapel, all are jumbled together in the strangest confusion. Here we have a sarcophagus supported by sphinxes, while next to it a Greek cross of delicate proportion rears its modest front. Several of the monuments have recesses in them, which are filled with baskets of artificial flowers, covered over with glass, and almost all are adorned by garlands of flowers, moss, or beads, while many have beds of flowers, rose-trees, and flowering shrubs planted round them. The place is thickly planted with cypress, poplars, and other trees, and several walks are formed in it. The mixture of frivolity and sentiment visible in this asylum of the dead must impress itself strongly on the mind of an English person, and is no bad epitome of the French character.

‘ Here the ruling passion is strikingly evident ; and I confess I have so much of the natural John Bull feeling about me, that I would prefer having my grave in the most secluded sombre spot that could be found, to leaving my bones in the fashionable sentimental Père La Chaise. The beautiful monument of the unfortunate lovers Heloise and Abelard is removed to this cemetery, and wretchedly placed in a corner, near the wall that incloses the ground. Surely, “if in the ashes glowed their wonted fires,” they would doubly glow at the situation and society in which they are now placed.

‘ It is the custom to pay a certain sum for the ground, which is generally bought at so many years’ purchase. The general period is fifty years, and, at the expiration of that time, it is broken up and disposed of again. The tomb-stones usually bear inscriptions specifying the length of time for which they are to stand. Reading these inscriptions suggested the following lines :—

‘ “ Reader, this grave for fifty years is mine,
But when my term is up, it may be thine.”
Thus the epitaph answers the double purpose of honouring the dead, and of offering the tenement to a future customer.’

In visiting the Louvre Lady B. vindicates Bonaparte for having enriched France with those matchless productions of genius which once adorned this place ; and she observes,—‘ Who ever accused the celebrated Duke of Marlborough of plundering ; and yet the trophies and warlike ornaments that decorate the front of Blenheim were brought from Flanders ! ’ If we may judge by the attention Lady B. paid to every thing connected with those subjects, we should say that her

prevailing taste was for science and the fine arts. She frequently visited the venerable Denon, who on one occasion shewed her a fine collection just brought from Egypt by Monsieur Théodenet Durant, the son of the French consul at Alexandria :—

‘ It consists of several mummies in perfect preservation, inclosed in different cases, finely painted. The number of cases is according to the rank of the deceased, and some have had five, all painted with the most vivid colours, and highly varnished. The outward case is shaped like a very large coffin, the interior and exterior painted in hieroglyphics and ciphers. A large lid fits on this case, on which is painted a human figure, similar to those generally painted on mummies, surrounded by hieroglyphics and ciphers. The mummies are wrapped in cere-cloth, bound round with hempen cords.

‘ Monsieur Durant showed us six heads belonging to mummies that he had opened, which are in a most wonderful state of preservation. They were black and quite dry, like parchment, and had a considerable portion of hair, which did not appear at all discoloured. That of one was of a bright brown, glossy, and intermixed with a few grey hairs ; the eye-brows and lashes were quite perfect, as were the nose, eyelids, and lips ; the teeth and tongue of one of the mummies were undecayed. The countenance of each appeared as different as when alive, and all the peculiarities preserved. One of the heads bore a strong likeness to the Duke of Wellington, and the Baron Denon remarked that another of them resembled Volney. A part of the spine was attached to the heads. How wonderful is it to witness these remains of mortality in such a state of preservation, after they have been inhumed above two thousand years ! How great must have been the pains bestowed in embalming, and to what an astonishing degree of perfection must the Egyptians have brought it ! They seem to have waged war with that ruthless destroyer Time, and in all their works have aimed at baffling his power. Their pyramids, their colossal statues, their art of embalming, all tended to this point ; and certainly they have outlived the works of all other nations. If the friends who were so anxious to preserve the mummies which I this day saw, could have foreseen that the pains they were bestowing to give durability to mouldering clay would be the very means of tempting the curious to plunder the tombs, and to remove the dead from their last sanctuary into foreign lands, to be exposed alike to careless beholders and curious speculators, it may be doubted whether they would not have preferred leaving the frail clay of their friends to mingle with its kindred dust in their native country.

‘ On looking at those dead of a distant era, I was carried back to the days when they were first consigned to the tomb. I

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looked at each poor face, and thought of the hearts that ached on taking leave of it for the last time. I thought how many times the lineaments of each countenance had been recalled to the memory of some surviving friend; while now those faces are viewed with careless indifference, or as mere objects of curiosity. Oh! who would wish to give durability to the loved dead on such conditions! Sooner than have my poor remains exposed to strangers, I would have them consigned to the most humble grave, with quick-lime to accelerate their decomposition. We were shown a chemise belonging to a mummy, made of a transparent sort of saffron-coloured calico; it was in good repair, and the seams were sewed in the same manner as at the present day.

'The large cases of the mummies were filled with very small vases, lamps, clay figures, finely coloured, and coloured with hieroglyphics and rings of different kinds. These, I suppose, were votive offerings from the friends of the dead, and were ranged along each side of the mummy in regular rows. Monsieur Durant presented me with a very curious little ring, made of clay, and of a bright Turquoise colour, that exactly fits me; so that I now wear a ring that has been above two thousand years buried, and that probably once adorned the finger of some Egyptian lady.'

We are happy to find Lady B. condemns the legalized murder of Marshal Ney. 'Louis XIV.', she says, 'would have pierced this general's heart by forgiveness; but Louis XVIII. thought it safer to do it by musket balls; so poor Ney was shot by the same soldiers that he had so often led to victory.' Her ladyship might, however, have added, that the Duke of Wellington has more to answer for on account of Ney's death than Louis the XVIII., whom she aptly describes as one who looks as if he had done nothing but eat, drink, and sleep for the last thirty years.

In the gallery of statues at the Louvre, Lady B. particularly noticed the Venus of Milos, which a French traveller had purchased when passing through that island:—

'This statue stands with the left foot advanced forward, and the right hip projecting. The left foot only is shewn, which is very finely modelled. The neck is of exquisite beauty; and the chest, although it shews a little too much of the anatomy of the form, is well modelled. The bosom is small but well shaped; the right breast is compressed by the upper part of the arm, which rather impairs its beauty. Both arms are broken off from the thick part of the upper arm; but, from the position of the parts that remain, I should conclude that they were originally in an extended posture, as there is no trace of their having ever touched any part of the figure.'

The waist is rather clumsy, and the stomach large. The lower part is covered with drapery, finely executed. The hips are full, and gracefully turned. The face is dignified, and full of calm abstracted loveliness. The hair is dressed *à la Grecque*, with a part turning in to the back of the neck. Part of the nose is modern, but all the rest of the features are perfect. The appearance of the statue is highly interesting, and cannot fail to strike all beholders with admiration.'

This is a somewhat luxurious description of the female form; but we shall pass it over without comment, and conclude with the following patriotic and sensible reflections on living in France:—

'It is melancholy to see the numbers of English that are at present established on the Continent, expending their fortunes in enriching a country that is considered the natural enemy of their own; they do not reflect that the sums they spend may hereafter put weapons into the hand of France to attack her foolish and unthinking benefactors.'

'But this is not the worst consequence of the English abandoning their country, and residing in France. They lose that *amor patriæ* which, in times of peril, nerves the arm of the citizen as well as the soldier. They acquire habits of luxury, which, though purchased at a comparatively cheap rate in France, cannot be procured in England but at a considerable expense. Habit renders these luxuries necessities, and a future residence in England becomes incompatible with the taste and comfort of these selfish exiles. Thus they become lost for ever to their country, and exist the dupes and jests of France. But there is still a more painful view of the subject to be taken. Where will end the pernicious effects to the young people taken to France to be educated or who are born there? What will supply to them the place of those firm principles of religion and morality, so strongly inculcated in the minds of children in England; those vivid first impressions of youth, that ever afterwards tinge the character? It may be answered that these principles and impressions may be given in a foreign country by the parents, or by an English teacher taken with them; but, alas! can there be much expected from parents, who, from selfish motives, (and in nine cases out of ten, I am persuaded, it is so,) remove their families from the moral atmosphere of their own country, to expose them to the pestilential example of French modes and manners? or can an English teacher, who consents to become an exile, be expected to lay a foundation of religion and morality that will bid defiance to the contagion of bad example?'

* * * *

'If the selfish motives that actuate the generality of English residents in France were exposed to the lash of ridicule, it might have a beneficial effect. If all men who preferred France were accused of

giving it the preference from a wish to avoid the payment of their just debts, or from a fallen pride of wishing to make an appearance beyond their fortunes, or from an inclination to the pleasures of the table, or from what is still worse, for having incurred a bad character at home,—they would feel ashamed, and perhaps awake to a sense of their degradation.'

Lady Blessington has made some strange mistakes: she speaks of the Louvre for the Luxembourg in several instances, (p. 189, &c.) In describing the paintings of the modern French school, the sleeping-room of Mary de Medicis, the Chamber of Peers, and even the Gardens where Marshal Ney was shot, she has throughout named the Louvre, while all her descriptions must apply to the Luxembourg. Several other errors of a minor description have not escaped our notice.

—————
The Narrative of a Journey undertaken in the years 1819, 1820, and 1821, through France, Italy, Savoy, Switzerland, parts of Germany bordering on the Rhine, Holland, and the Netherlands; comprising Incidents that occurred to the Author, who has long suffered under a total deprivation of Sight. With various points of Information collected on his Tour.

By James Holman, R. N. and K. W.
8vo. pp. 356. London, 1822.

Few works of the present day have been produced under circumstances so remarkable as the volume before us. That an individual—

'Shut out from the living while among the living!
Dark as the grave amidst the bustling world!
At once from business and from pleasure
barr'd!'

should attempt to break through the narrow circle to which his enjoyments might seem confined; and that, though unable

'To view the beauty of the spring,
Or see the face of kindred or of friend!' he should become a traveller; is at once singular and astonishing; but when we add that he travelled in foreign countries without a guide, or even without knowing any language but his own, we are apt to think it a romance; it is, however, a romance of real life, and certainly not one of the least extraordinary that life presents, ever varied and changing as it is.

Mr. Holman's tour was not a mere journeying from one inn to another in the principal towns; but he actually *visited* (if we may use the expression when speaking of a blind traveller,) every thing worth notice in the countries through which he passed; he has done more, he has described them; and

imperfect as his account must be in one respect, yet his remarks are generally judicious, and his inferences correct, while his narrative is lively and impartial.

Mr. Holman was destined to the naval service, and for some years was entirely devoted to that object; when, at the age of twenty-five, his prospects were blighted by a sickness, which totally deprived him of sight. In order to re-establish his health, in 1819 he determined on a visit to the southern parts of Europe:—

'My friends,' says he, 'expressed considerable surprise, when I announced my actual determination to undertake a continental tour, and I believe many of them, to the last moment, were inclined to doubt whether I seriously intended it; they did not fail to question how I proposed, with my personal defects, to make progress through a strange country, unaccompanied by even a servant to assist and protect me, and with an almost total ignorance of the languages of the various people I was about to visit. I urged in reply, that the experience of more than twenty years, during which I had been, as it were, a citizen of the world, and a great part of which had been spent in foreign climes, would be sufficient to direct me through the common occurrences and incidents, to which the traveller is exposed; that for the rest, I was content to leave it to God, upon whose protection, in the midst of dangers, I had the most implicit reliance, and under whose providential guidance, I doubted not to attain the completion of the various objects of my journey.'

On the 14th of October, 1819, our traveller left Dover, and arrived safe on the Gallic shores, trusting to 'the common feelings of humanity which might be elicited in favour of an unfortunate person, assisted by the once boasted *politesse* of the great nation.' He proceeded to Paris, and he remained a few days in a boarding house, where the general answer of the servants to every thing he called for, '*tout à l'heure*', amused and perplexed him, as he was for some time totally ignorant of its meaning.*

Mr. Holman then set off for Bourdeaux, and his journey furnishes us with a good extract:—

* This reminds us of an anecdote (a Joe Miller perhaps,) of two English tailors, who, decorated in their best, determined on a journey to Paris. They were very anxious to *sink the shop*, but on their arrival at Amiens, they thought they would whet their appetite before dinner with 'a thimbleful of brandy'; when the waiter understood what they wanted, he replied, '*tout à l'heure*.' 'Ah! Jack,' exclaimed one of them to the other, 'it is all over, you see he has discovered what we are, and says we are two tailors.'

'About nine o'clock on the following morning being Sunday, the 31st of October, one of our company exclaimed 'Voila Bourdeaux!' The sound revived me exceedingly, for I was become irritable and impatient, from the length and fatigue of the journey. At twelve o'clock the coach halted, and my fellow-passengers immediately jumped out, leaving me to shift for myself. Of course I concluded that we had arrived at the coach office, and began to call out loudly for the conducteur to come and assist me in getting out. He immediately presented himself, uttered the now well known '*tout à l'heure*', and left me. Although I perfectly recollect the unlimited signification of this word in Paris, what could I do? Had I jumped out, I should not have known what step to have taken next, and the rain was falling in torrents. There appeared no remedy, but to sit patiently until it might please some one to come to my assistance. In a while I heard at least thirty people around the coach, talking a loud and unintelligible gibberish, quite unlike any language of the country which I had hitherto heard; soon afterwards I perceived the carriage undergoing an extraordinary and irregular kind of motion; the people occasionally opened the door, and made me move from one side to the other, as if they were using me for shifting ballast; I inferred that they were taking off the wheels, with a view of placing the carriage under cover. After this I became sensible of a noise of water splashing, as if they were throwing it out of hollows, where it had collected in consequence of the rain. It was in vain that I endeavoured to gain an explanation of my being thus left behind in the coach; the only satisfaction I could derive was '*tout à l'heure*', and the conviction that nothing remained for me but to be patient.

"But patience is more oft the exercise
Of saints, the trial of their fortitude."

'At length the motion began to increase, and, to my great surprise, after an hour's suspense, I heard the horses again attached to the carriage; the passengers re-entered the coach, and we once more proceeded on our journey!

'It was afterwards explained to me that these unaccountable proceedings arose on our having arrived on the banks of the river Dordogne, which enters the Garonne, near Bourdeaux, from the necessity, at this point, of transporting the carriage on a raft for some distance down the stream; that the passengers had crossed the river in a ferry-boat, to a coach waiting for them on the other side, leaving me to float down with the carriage on the raft, or sink to the bottom as fate might determine; in short, I found that, while I supposed myself sitting in the coach-office yard at Bourdeaux, I had actually travelled four miles by water, without having entertained the least idea of such an adventure.'

He afterwards visited Nismes, Aix, and Nice; from thence proceeded to

Genoa and Florence, where he went to the theatre Cocomero, and heard the opera of the *Barber of Seville*, where he says the singing of the prima donna produced an extraordinary effect upon him:—

'I thought,' says he, 'I could have given the world to have seen her pretty face and figure; the tones and expression of her voice, however, appeared to connect themselves in my mind, by pure sympathy, with exact delineations of her person and attitudes, and to excite the most powerful desire to possess the power of vision, which I ever recollect to have experienced since I had the misfortune to lose it. I heard, I felt, I saw, or imagined I saw, every thing which words, gestures, and actions could convey: I rose, leaned forward, and felt an almost irresistible impulse to spring upon the stage, to ascertain whether my ideas were illusive or real; and, what may be thought still stranger, my desire to see appeared to originate from a wish to convince myself that I could not see. I may be thought to overcharge this description with too vivid or affected sentiment, but I can assure the reader, that it contains only a small portion of the exquisite feelings which I experienced.'

But the most remarkable of all his adventures was one to the summit of Mount Vesuvius. His description of the ascent and of the impression of the scene on his mind is highly interesting. He says:—

'We set off from Naples about five o'clock in the afternoon, with the view of seeing the mountain by moonlight; after passing through Portici, we reached Resina about seven o'clock, where we left the carriage to await our return, and reconvey us to Naples. Taking a conductor from the house of Salvatori, whose family are esteemed the most respectable guides up the mountain, we immediately commenced our ascent. A number of asses are constantly in attendance at this point, for the purpose of assisting such as are incapable of walking or apprehensive of fatigue, and which are able to convey their riders two-thirds of the way towards the summit; but, in order that I might acquire a more correct idea of the nature of the road, we gave the preference to walking.'

'We proceeded along a fair road, until we arrived at a house about half-way to the hermitage, where we rested a short time, and refreshed ourselves with wine and water; after this the road gradually became worse, so that, if I had not, on former occasions, witnessed the astonishing powers of asses and mules, I should have conceived it impossible for them to have advanced along it. We reached the hermitage about half after eight o'clock, and, at the suggestion of our guide, recruited ourselves with some of the hermit's bread and wine; and then began the more arduous part of our journey. The road soon became very soft, being constituted

of the light dust which had been thrown out from the crater; interspersed, however, with large and sharp stones, ejected from the same source: some of which were of such immense size, that did we not bear in mind the astonishing powers of elementary fire, we could scarcely credit the possibility of such masses being hurled to this distance, from out of the bowels of the mountain.

' One of the greatest inconveniences I found in this ascent, was from the particles of ashes insinuating themselves within my shoes, and which annoyed my feet so much, that I was repeatedly compelled to take them off, in order to get rid of the irritating matter. Hence I would recommend to future travellers to ascend in white leathern boots.

' At length we reached the only part of the mountain, which was at this time in a burning state, and which was throwing out flames and sulphurous vapour; when the guide, taking me by the arm, conducted me over a place where the fire and smoke issued from apertures between the stones we walked upon, and which we could hear crackling under our feet every instant, as if they were going to be separated, and to precipitate us into the bowels of the mountain. The sublime description of Virgil did not fail to occur to my recollection.

' By turns a pitchy cloud she rolls on high,
By turns hot embers from her entrails fly,
And flakes of mounting flames lick the sky;
Oft from her bowels massy rocks are thrown,
And shiver'd from their force come peacemeal down;
Oft liquid fires of burning sulphur glow,
Nurs'd by the fiery spring that burns below.'

DRYDEN.

' My imagination, I admit, was actively alive to the possible accidents which might have occurred; I followed, however, with all the confidence which my conviction of being under the care of a cautious leader, did not fail to inspire. My guide appeared highly gratified with the incident, asserting that it was the first time one deprived of sight had ever ventured there; and adding, that he was sure it would much surprise the king, when the circumstance became known to him, in the report which is daily made of the persons who visit the mountain. The ground was too hot under our feet, and the sulphurous vapour too strong to allow of our remaining long in this situation; and when he thought he had given us a sufficient idea of the nature of this part of the mountain, we retired to a more solid and a cooler footing; previous to which, however, he directed my walking-cane towards the flames, which shrivelled the ferrule, and charred the lower part;—this I still retain as a memorial.'

' From hence we were conducted to the edge of a small crater, now extinguished, from whence, about two months before, the Frenchman, rivalling the immortality of Empedocles,—

' "Deus immortalis, haberi,

Dum cupit Empedocles ardentem frigidus Aetnam
Insiluit."

HOR.

and desirous of dying a death worthy of the great nation, plunged into the fiery abyss. The guide placed my hand on the very spot where he was stated to have last stood, before he thus rashly entered upon his eternity.

' I was anxious to have proceeded up the cone to the border of the superior and large crater, but our guide objected, indeed refused to conduct us to it, unless we awaited the dawn of morning; the moon, he said, was fast descending, so that we should be involved in darkness before we could attain it; and that, consequently, it would be attended with risk in the extreme to make the attempt.'

' This was a check to the completion of my anxious wishes, but our arrangements at Naples neither made it convenient to my friend or myself, to remain until morning; nor would it have been pleasant to have spent some hours here without refreshment, more particularly as I had left my coat behind near the hermitage, and at this elevation we found it extremely cold.

' After spending a short time in examining some of the immense masses of calcined rock, many of them forming solid cubes of twenty feet diameter, and which had been at different times thrown out by the volcanic power; we began to retrace our steps towards the hermitage, distant, as our guide informed us, four miles, but which must have been an over-rated estimate. As we approached this latter place, we met a party ascending the mountain, with an intention of waiting the break of day, so as to enable them to reach the very summit.'

We are sure we need not add a single word in favour of this volume and its singularly amiable and adventurous author, whose talents, enterprising spirit, and misfortunes, are alike subjects of unusual interest.



Miscellaneous Notices relating to China. By Sir George Thomas Staunton, Bart.

(Concluded from p. 608.)

ONE of the most curious notes in this volume is that which relates to the much-talked-of ceremony of the Ko-tou. Our author, after quoting Cornelius Nepos and Valerius Maximus, to show how fastidious the ancients were on points of ceremonial, says,—

' It appears that the deputy of the little barren territory of Attica considered a single prostration on his part, in the presence of the Persian king, as inadmissible and disgraceful to his country. Is it, then, possible for us, at this day, to regret, that the performance of a ceremony infinitely more humiliating, has been refused at the Chinese court, by the ambassador of Great

Britain; and when (whatever might have been the difficulty of judging of the question of expediency at the moment) it now clearly appears, that he would have been "dedecorum pretiosus emptor," the purchaser of his country's degradation, with a pretty large sacrifice of her interests!

' The writer of this is fully persuaded that his esteemed friend, the author of the narrative of the late embassy, who took, at the time, an opposite view of this subject, is one of the last men to advocate any measure which he believed to be in any respect hostile to the honour or interests of his country:—But the character of the measure itself, as well as its interpretation in China, and consequently its operation upon our commercial intercourse, depended so entirely upon the *animus imponentis*, the *spirit* in which it was demanded, that it was, perhaps, not possible, without some degree of local knowledge and experience, to see it at once in all its native deformity.

' By far the fullest and most accurate account of the ceremony of the Ko-tou, is contained in the following extract from the Rev. Dr. Morrison's valuable Memoir on Lord Amherst's Embassy, published in the Pamphleteer; and the writer quotes it with the more satisfaction, not only because it proceeds from the very highest authority, but also because the author of it has been supposed, though most erroneously, to have recommended the performance of this ceremony to the British ambassador.

' "What are called ceremonies, sometimes affect materially the idea of equality. They are not always mere forms and nothing else, but speak a language as intelligible as words; and it would be just as conclusive to affirm, it is no matter what words are used, words are but wind; as to affirm, it is no matter what ceremonies are submitted to, ceremonies are but mere forms, and nothing else. Some ceremonies are perfectly indifferent, as whether the form of salutation be, taking off the hat and bowing the head, or keeping it on, and bowing it low, with the hands folded below the breast; these, the one English, and the other Chinese, are equally good. There is, however, a difference of submission and devotedness expressed by different postures of the body; and some nations feel an almost instinctive reluctance to the stronger expression of submission. As for instance, standing and bowing the head, is less than kneeling on one knee; as that is less than kneeling on two knees; and that less again than kneeling on two knees and putting the hands and forehead to the ground; and doing this once, is, in the apprehension of the Chinese, less than doing it three times, or six times, or nine times. Waving the question whether it be proper for one human being to use such strong expressions of submission to another or not; when any, even the strongest of these forms, are reciprocal, they do not interfere with the idea of equality, or of mutual independ-

ance ; if they are not reciprocally performed, the last of the forms expresses, in the strongest manner, the submission and homage of one person or state to another ; and, in this light, the Tartar family, now on the throne of China, consider the ceremony called San-kwei-kew-kow ; thrice kneeling, and nine times beating the head against the ground. Those nations of Europe who consider themselves tributary and yielding homage to China, should perform the Tartar ceremony ; those who do not consider themselves so, should not perform the ceremony.

"The English ambassador, Lord Macartney, appears to have understood correctly the meaning of the ceremony, and proposed the only alternative, which could enable him to perform it, viz. a Chinese of equal rank performing it to the king of England's picture. Or, perhaps, a promise from the Chinese court, that should an ambassador ever go from thence to England he would perform it in the king's presence, might have enabled him to do it.

"These remarks will probably convince the reader that the English government acts as every civilized government ought to act, when she endeavours to cultivate a good understanding and liberal intercourse with China ; but since, whilst using those endeavours, she never contemplates yielding homage to China, she still wisely refuses to perform by her ambassador, that ceremony which is the expression of homage.

"The lowest form by which respect is showed in China at this day is Kung-show, that is, joining the hands and raising them before the breast. The next is Tso-yih, that is bowing low with the hands joined. The third is Tasteen, bending the knee, as if about to kneel. The fourth is Kwei, to kneel. The fifth is Ko-tow, kneeling, and striking the head against the ground. The sixth, Sankow, striking the head three times against the earth before rising from one's knees. The seventh, Luh-kow, that is, kneeling, and striking the forehead three times, rising on one's feet, kneeling down again, and striking the head again three times against the earth.

"The climax is closed by the San-kwei-kew-kow, kneeling three different times, and at each time knocking the head thrice against the ground.

"Some of the gods of China are entitled only to the San-kow ; others to the Luh-kow ; the Teeen, (heaven) and the emperor are worshipped with the San-kwei-kew-kow.—Does the emperor of China claim divine honors?"

The greatest portion of this work is devoted to a disquisition on the China trade. The author considers the question whether the trade should be thrown open or still confined to a company as at present, and decides in favour of the latter. Speaking of our commercial intercourse with China he says,—

"The taste for British goods has been

introduced, and seems now pretty well established. The superior quality of our cloths seems to be very generally felt and acknowledged ; but what has, perhaps, most of all contributed to their present favorable reception throughout the interior of China, is the uncommon care and attention bestowed by the Company in preventing the introduction of any thing like deception or suspicious inequality into the packages of goods issued from their warehouses. In this respect, the Company have been successful in commanding the admiration and confidence of the Chinese, in a degree that has probably no parallel. It is notorious, that the Company's mark, like the impression upon a coin, is now admitted, in almost all parts of the vast empire of China, as a testimony of the quantity and quality of the article on which it appears, so unquestionable, as to preclude the necessity of further examination. How beneficial such a confidence must be, in facilitating the dispersion of the goods, and how impossible, under any other system, it must be (however highly we may be disposed to rate the general probity of our private merchants) to maintain such a confidence unbroken, must be obvious to every unbiased judgment. There is no doubt that, under the present circumstances, the trade in British woollens is at length becoming a gainful one to all parties. The Company are, on the one hand, in a fair way to reap some portion of the benefits of its sacrifices and its exertions (sacrifices and exertions, such as none but a Company could have made or submitted to), while, on the other hand, the remaining and most important portion of these benefits, namely, the increased and still increasing vent for British produce, necessarily fall to our manufacturers and to the nation at large.

"Another, and still more important view, in which the trade to China is to be considered, is the supply which it affords us, and is alone capable of affording, of an article in such general use, as to be nearly equivalent to a necessary of life. The consumption of tea in the British dominions is now estimated at twenty-five millions of pounds' weight, upon an average, per annum ; and it will scarcely be doubted by any who consider the nature and the universality of the consumption of this article, even amongst the lowest classes in this country, that any material reduction in the quantity, or deterioration of the quality, would be productive of very considerable distress and inconvenience. It is impossible not to foresee, that so general a privation, so material a diminution of the daily and domestic comforts of the poor, as must ensue, in a proportionate degree, from the total or the partial failure in the supply of tea, would, wherever the evil extended, be calculated to excite new discontents, as well as to embitter those which the unavoidable pressure of the war might already have occasioned. The national interests would, moreover, it is obvious, suffer no less in

another way, by the consequent defalcation in the public revenue, of which the portion derived from this source now amounts to about four millions sterling : and, lastly, by the corresponding diminution, at the same time, of the fair profits of the East India Company, that is to say, in fact, the profits, directly or indirectly, of a very large portion indeed of the British community.

"From these evils the nation is secured, as far as human prudence and foresight can be supposed capable of securing it, by the operation of the chartered privileges of the East India Company.

"The national interests require more, in fact, from this branch of trade, than it could, by any possibility, attain to, if left altogether to itself. They require, in the first place, that the supply it affords us of the article in question should be uniformly adequate, but not much more than adequate to the demand, not only in the aggregate, but also in respect to the several varieties and kinds, of which it is necessary that that aggregate should consist.

"There is, probably, no article of commerce whose value requires to be determined by such nicety of previous examination, and the due discrimination of which requires such matured judgment and experience ; no article, of which the quality, and consequently the credit and the consumption, is so liable to be affected by improper admixture and adulteration. It has accordingly been found requisite, among other regulations, that all damaged teas, though often saleable (for the purposes, no doubt, of deception and adulteration) for considerable sums, should be destroyed ; and barges are, in consequence, frequently sent down by the Company to the mouth of the Thames, with such teas on board, for the express purpose of discharging their contents into the sea. There are other teas which, though not actually damaged, are of an inadmissible and objectionable quality. Whenever these, contrary to the intentions of the Company, have been imported, they have, if necessary, been returned back on the hands of the owners ; and, at all events, the repetition of such practices has been discouraged, by deducting the full amount of the loss upon such teas from the accounts of the respective Chinese merchants. To these, and similar charges, though made after an interval of two or more years, the Chinese merchants (such is their confidence in the honour and good faith of the Company) submit, almost without question or examination.

"There are, on the other hand, kinds of tea in China, a certain portion of which it is essentially requisite to provide for the annual investment for England, though, upon a comparison of the sales of these teas at home with the prices that must be given to procure them abroad, they are found sometimes to yield little or no immediate profit. The Company, accordingly, give a degree of encouragement to the growth and manufacture of such teas,

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which individuals, having only a limited and temporary interest in the trade, never could think of, but which the longer and more extended experience of a public body, teaches to be beneficial, both to the nation and to itself; because it is found, that a certain admixture with some others, of those particular kinds of tea (the introduction of a suitable supply of which is secured by the above means) by the retail dealers in England, materially contributes to maintain the credit, and extend the sales of the article generally.

'In a word; upon the present system, the quality, the quantity, and the appreciation of our annual supply of this important article of consumption is evidently carried to the greatest pitch of perfection, that the circumstances under which foreigners are received in China admit of.

'The whole of the produce for foreign consumption of each season, passing, with little exception, regularly under the review of the Company's servants, nothing can be conceived more free and unconfined than their choice; and in this they are determined, not, like individual traders, by some casual and immediate advantage and temptation, but by general views of the superior excellence or suitableness of the article tendered, to meet the existing demand, and thereby to promote, as well the interests of the nation, as those of their own immediate employers.'

Of the policy or impolicy of the system on which the China trade is at present conducted we do not pretend to enter, but certainly the opinion of a gentleman so well acquainted with the subject as Sir George Staunton, is entitled to considerable attention; and when he decides against opening the trade, government should pause before they sanction an experiment which might prove so injurious to our commerce, in this quarter of the world, for an advantage merely speculative.

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Letters from Spain. By Don Leucadio Doblado.

(Concluded from p. 617.)

WE have already proceeded as far as the eighth letter in our notice of this interesting and truly valuable work. The remaining five letters are devoted to memoranda of Andalusian customs and festivals, a sketch of the court of Madrid in the reign of Charles the Fourth, private life, and the state of literature, an account of the events connected with the French invasion, &c. Of the Andalusian customs we select an account of one or two.—

'Mid-Lent.'—We have still the remnants of an ancient custom this day, which shews the impatient feelings with which men sacrifice their comforts to the fears of superstition. Children of all ranks, those of the poor in the streets, and such

as belong to the better classes in their houses, appear fantastically decorated, not unlike the English chimney-sweepers on May-day, with caps of gilt and coloured paper, and coats made of the *Crusade bulls* of the preceding year. In this attire they keep up an incessant din the whole day, crying, as they sound their drums and rattles, *aserrar la vieja; la picara pel-leja*—“Saw down the old woman, the scoundrel b—ch.” About midnight, parties of the common people parade the streets, knocking at every door, and repeating the same words. I understand that they end this revel by sawing in two the figure of an old woman, which is meant as the emblem of Lent.

‘There is little ground, however, for these peevish feelings against old Lent, among the class that exhibits them most; for few of the poorer inhabitants of large towns taste any meat in the course of the year, and living, as they do, upon a very scanty pittance of bread and pulse, they can ill afford to confine themselves to one meal in the four-and-twenty hours. The privations of the fasting season are felt chiefly by that numerous class, who, unable to dispel their superstitious fear, and wanting, on the other hand, a strong sense of religious duty, submit like unwilling slaves to the unwelcome task, which they dare not omit. Many, however, fall off before the end of Lent, and take to their breakfasts and suppers under the sanction of some good-natured doctor, who declares fasting injurious to their health. Others, whose healthy looks would belie the dispensing physician, compound between the church and their stomachs, by adding an ounce of bread to the cup of chocolate which, under the name of *par-vedad*, our divines admit as a venial infraction. There is, besides, a fast-day supper, which was introduced by those good souls the primitive monks at their evening conferences, where, finding that an empty stomach was apt to increase the hollowness of their heads, they allowed themselves a crust of bread and a glass of water, as a support to their fainting eloquence. This relaxation of the primitive fast took the name of *collatio*, or conference, which it preserves among us. The Catholic casuists are not agreed, however, on the quantity of bread and vegetables, (for any other food is strictly excluded from the *collation*,) which may be allowed without being guilty of a *deadly sin*. The *Probabilista* extend this liberty as far as six ounces by weight, while the *Probabiliorista* will not answer for the safety of a hungry soul who indulges beyond four ounces. Who shall decide when doctors disagree? I have known an excellent man who weighed his food on these occasions till he brought it within some grains of four ounces. But few are inclined to take the matter so seriously, and, confiding in the deceitful balance of their eyes, use a system of weights in which four ounces fall little short of a pound.’

‘One of the public sights of the town,

on this day, is the splendid cold dinner which the archbishop gives to twelve paupers, in commemoration of the apostles. The dinner is to be seen laid out on tables filling up two large rooms in the palace. The twelve guests are completely clothed at the expense of their host, and having partaken of a more homely dinner in the kitchen, they are furnished with large baskets to take away the splendid commons allotted to each in separate dishes, which they sell to the *gourmands* of the town. Each, besides, is allowed to dispose of his napkin, curiously made up into the figure of some bird or quadruped, which people buy both as ornaments to their china cupboards, and as specimens of the perfection to which some of our poorer nuns have carried the art of plaiting.

‘At two in the afternoon, the archbishop, attended by his chapter, repairs to the cathedral, where he performs the ceremony, which, from the notion of its being literally enjoined by our Saviour, is called the *mandatum*. The twelve paupers are seated on a platform erected before the high altar, and the prelate, stripped of his silk robes, and kneeling successively before each, washes their feet in a large silver basin.’

* * * * *

‘It is scarcely forty years since the disgusting exhibition of people streaming in their own blood was discontinued by an order of the government. These *penitents* were generally from among the most debauched and abandoned of the lower classes. They appeared in white linen petticoats, pointed white caps and veils, and a jacket of the same colour, which exposed the naked shoulders to view. Having, previous to their joining the procession, been scarified on the back, they beat themselves with a cat-o'-nine-tails, making the blood run down to the skirts of their garment. It may be easily conceived that religion had no share in these voluntary inflictions. There was a notion afloat that this act of penance had an excellent effect on the constitution; and while vanity was concerned in the applause which the most bloody flagellation obtained from the vulgar, a still stronger passion looked forward to the irresistible impression it produced on the strapping belles of the lower ranks.’

Good-Friday.—‘The ceremonies of Good Friday being short and performed at an early hour, both the gay and the devout would be at a loss how to spend the remainder of the day, but for the grotesque *passion sermons* of the suburbs and neighbouring villages, and the more solemn performance known by the name of *tres horas*—three hours.

‘The practice of continuing in meditation from twelve to three o'clock of this day—the time which our Saviour is supposed to have hung on the cross—was introduced by the Spanish Jesuits, and partakes of the impressive character which the members of that order had the art to

impart to the religious practices by which they cherished the devotional spirit of the people. The church where the *three hours* are kept is generally hung in black, and made impervious to day-light. A large crucifix is seen on the high altar, under a black canopy, with six unbleached wax-candles, which cast a sombre glimmering on the rest of the church. The females, of all ranks, occupy, as usual, the centre of the nave, squatting or kneeling on the matted ground, and adding to the dismal appearance of the scene by the colour of their veils and dresses.

'Just as the clock strikes twelve, a priest in his cloak and cassock ascends the pulpit, and delivers a preparatory address of his own composition. He then reads the printed meditations on the *seven words*, or sentences spoken by Jesus on the cross, allotting to each such a portion of time as that, with the interludes of music which follow each of the readings, the whole may not exceed three hours. The music is generally good and appropriate, and, if a sufficient band can be collected, well repays, to an amateur, the inconvenience of a crowded church, where, from the want of seats, the male part of the congregation are obliged either to stand or kneel. It is, in fact, one of the best works of Haydn, composed, a short time ago, for some gentlemen of Cadiz, who shewed both their taste and liberality in thus procuring this master-piece of harmony for the use of their country. It has been lately published in Germany, under the title of the "Sette Parole."

'Every part of the performance is so managed that the clock strikes three about the end of the meditation, on the words—"it is finished." The picture of the expiring Saviour, powerfully drawn by the original writer of the "Tres Horas," can hardly fail to strike the imagination when listened to under the influence of such music and scenery; and when, at the first stroke of the clock, the priest rises from his seat, and, in a loud and impassioned voice, announces the consummation of the awful and mysterious sacrifice, on whose painful and bloody progress the mind has been dwelling so long, few hearts can repel the impression, and still fewer eyes can conceal it. Tears bathe every cheek, and sobs heave every female bosom. After a parting address from the pulpit, the ceremony concludes with a piece of music, where the powers of the great composer are magnificently displayed in the imitation of the disorder and agitation of nature which the evangelists relate.

'The *passion sermons* for the populace might be taken for a parody of the *three hours*. They are generally delivered in the open air, by friars of the Mendicant Orders, in those parts of the city and suburbs which are chiefly, if not exclusively, inhabited by the lower classes. Such gay young men, however, as do not scruple to relieve the dulness of Good-Friday with a ride, and feel no danger of exposing

themselves by any unseasonable laughter, indulge not unfrequently in the frolic of attending one of the most complete and perfect sermons of this kind, at the neighbouring village of Castilleja.

'A moveable pulpit is placed before the church-door, from which a friar, possessed of a stentorian voice, delivers an *improved* history of the Passion, such as was revealed to Saint Bridget, a Franciscan nun, who, from the dictation of the Virgin Mary, has left us a most minute and circumstantial account of the life and death of Christ and his mother. This yearly narrative, however, would have lost most of its interest but for the scenic illustrations which keep up the expectation and rivet the attention of the audience. It was formerly the custom to introduce a living Saint Peter—a character which belonged, by a natural and inalienable right to the baldest head in the village—who acted the Apostle's denial, swearing by *Christ* he did not know the man. This edifying part of the performance is omitted at Castilleja; though a practised performer crows with such a shrill and natural note as must be answered with a challenge by every cock of spirit in the neighbourhood. The flourish of a trumpet announces, in the sequel, the publication of the sentence passed by the Roman governor; and the town crier delivers it with legal precision in the manner it is practised in Spain before an execution. Hardly has the last word been uttered, when the preacher, in a frantic passion, gives the crier the *lie direct*, cursing the tongue that has uttered such blasphemies.

He then invites an angel to contradict both Pilate and the Jews, when, obedient to the orator's desire, a boy gaudily dressed, and furnished with a pair of gilt pasteboard wings, appears at a window, and proclaims the *true verdict of Heaven*. Sometimes, in the course of the preacher's narrative, an image of the Virgin Mary is made to meet that of Christ, on his way to Calvary, both taking an affectionate leave in the street. The appearance, however, of the Virgin bearing a handkerchief to collect a sum for her son's burial is never omitted, both because it melts the whole female audience into tears, and because it produces a good collection for the convent. The whole is closed by the *descendimiento*, or unnailing a crucifix as large as life from the cross—an operation performed by two friars, who, in the character of Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus, are seen with ladders and carpenters' tools letting down the jointed figure to be placed on a bier, and carried into the church in the form of a funeral.'

To these Letters is added an Appendix, written, as we have already stated, by Lord Holland, the personal friend of the author. It contains an account of the suppression of the Jesuits in Spain, by Charles the Third, worthy the biographer of Lope de Ve-

ga. There are also some interesting notes illustrative of the letters of Doblado, from one of which we quote the following account of an allegorical tournament, exhibited at the expense of the silk weavers, at Seville, in honour of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary:—

'Near the Puerta del Perdon (one of the gates of the cathedral), a platform was erected, terminating under the altar dedicated to the Virgin, which stands over the gate. Three splendid seats were placed at the foot of the altar, and two avenues railed in on both sides of the platform to admit the judges, the challenger, the supporters or seconds, the marshal, and the adventurers. Near one of the corners of the stage was pitched the challenger's tent of black and brown silk, and in it a seat covered with black velvet. In front stood the figure of an apple-tree bearing fruit, and, hanging from its boughs, a target, on which the challenge was exposed to view.

'At five in the afternoon, the marshal, attended by his adjutant, presented himself in the lists. He was followed by four children, in the dress used to represent angels, with lighted torches in their hands. Another child, personating Michael the Archangel, was the leader of a second group of six angels, who were the bearers of the prizes—a lamb and a male infant. The judges, Justice and Mercy, appeared last of all, and took their appointed seats.

'The sound of drums, fifes, and clarions, announced soon after, the approach of another group, composed of two savages of gigantic dimensions, with large clubs on their shoulders, eight torch-bearers in black, and two infernal furies, and, in the centre, the challenger's shield-bearer, followed by the challenger's supporter or second, dressed in black and gold, with a plume of black and yellow feathers. This band having walked round the stage, the second brought the challenger out of the tent, who, dressed uniformly with his supporter, appeared wielding a lance twenty-five hands in length.

'The following is a list of the adventurers, their attendants or torch-bearers, and supporters or seconds:—

	Attendants.	Seconds.
Adam	6 Clowns	Hope and Innocence.
Cain	6 Infernal Furies	Envy.
Abraham	6 Dwarfs, three Angels in the habit of pilgrims, and Isaac	Faith.
Job	6 Pages	Patience.
David	6 Squires	Repentance.
Jeroboam	4 Jews	Idolatry.
Ahab	12 Squires	Covetousness
John the Bap.	12 Squires	Divine Love and Grace.

'The dresses (continues the historian) were all splendid, and suited to the characters.

'The adventurers engaged the challenger in succession, and all were wound-

ed by the first stroke of his enormous lance. In this state they drew their swords, and fought with various success, some conquering the common enemy, while others yielded to his superior force. None, however, distinguished himself so much as the Baptist, who, regardless of the wound he had received at the first onset, and being armed with fresh weapons by *Grace*, beat the adversary in every succeeding encounter. His extraordinary success was rewarded with a seat near the judges, and the lamb was awarded him as a prize.

'After this, the marshal and his adjutant, followed by Grace and Divine Love, left the stage. In a short time they reappeared, followed by twelve youths, as torch-bearers, the seven virtues personated by children from four to five years of age, and nine angels, as representatives of the nine hierarchies. Two squires attended each of the virtues and Angels, the whole train being closed by Grace and Divine Love, supporting the last adventurer, a beautiful child seven years old, who, as intended to represent the Holy Virgin, was more splendidly dressed than the rest, in a suit of sky-blue and white, sprinkled with golden stars, the hair flowing down the shoulders in curls, and held round the head by a twelve-starred diadem.

'When the combatants faced each other, the challenger could not conceal his trepidation. The female adventurer, on the other hand, would not use the lance with which she had entered the lists; for it bore the words *Daughter of Adam*, in a banderole which hung from it. Having thrown away that weapon, she received another from the seconds, with the inscription *Daughter of the Father*. At this moment the challenger darted his lance; but, in his fear and confusion, he could not touch his adversary, while the heroine, on the contrary, taking an unerring aim at his breast, brought him instantly upon his knees; and the victory was completed with two other lances, bearing the mottoes—*Mother of the Son—Spouse of the Holy Ghost*. Unhurt by her adversary, she had now laid him on the ground, and placed her foot and sword upon his neck, amidst a shout of universal acclamation. The judges awarded her the *Child Jesus* as a prize, and seated her above all in a throne. Next under the Virgin took their seats Divine Love, Grace, Michael, and John the Baptist, and a general tournament ensued, in which all the other combatants engaged. The tournament being ended, the challenger and his second retired through the left avenue. The rest of the actors conducted the victor through that on the right, attended by one hundred and forty torch-bearers, and a band of musicians singing her triumphal hymn, which was echoed by the immense concourse.'

As a faithful picture of Spain and the Spaniards, the Letters of Doblado stand without competition, and, as a

work of peculiarly striking interest, they will recommend themselves to every class of readers.

Blackwood's Magazine. No. LVXIII.

WHATEVER 'Blackwood's Magazine' may be accused of, the editor is determined that want of loyalty shall not be one of the charges against him, and therefore we find him devoting every page, nay every line of his number for the current month, to the King's visit to Scotland. It is not, however, a mere record of facts, but a sort of historical romance, in which the facts are retained, and so embellished as to form a pleasing narrative.

The Editor first begins seriously, and treats the subject in a general and cursory manner. Then we have the 'King's visit by a Londoner, but no Cockney,' written we suspect by a successful novelist. The third division is entitled 'Edinburgh Royal Days' Entertainments,' or 'the Second Voyage of Omai the Traveller.' Here the imagination begins to develop itself, and we have a fanciful account of the impression the grand sights may be supposed to have made on a travelled native of Otaheite. We need not apprise our readers that Omai has before figured in Blackwood.

We now come to 'the Gathering of the West,' in which we have Greenock folk, Paisley bodies, and Glasgow people, all very characteristically drawn, with sketches of the royal landing, fire-works, illuminations, levees, drawing-rooms, &c.

The 'Sorrows of the Stot,' written for the purpose of exposing the ill-natured carping at the royal visit by the editor of the *Scotsman*, is a piece of good banter and amusing satire.—Hogg's Royal Jubilee, which is reviewed, is praised far beyond its merits, for it is really a very silly production.

The dispute between Glengarry and the Celtic Society, and 'Noctes Ambrosianæ,' with a most loyal sonnet in red letters, closes the 68th number of that very clever work, *Blackwood's Magazine*.

Original Communications.

BEAUTIFUL SIMILE; OR, THE PARSON AND THE COW.

(FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.)

IT is somewhere said that comparisons are odious; in one instance, however, it has been proved otherwise. On Sun-

day last, in a conventicle, not one hundred miles eastward of those—

'Towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
By many a foul and midnight murder fed,'
as the poet hath it, a reverend, while holding forth to the elect, took an opportunity, as he thought, to compliment his hearers on their liberality of spirit, in coming forward with their money whenever called upon, and addressed them in something like the following manner:—'My dear Christian people, how it arises I cannot divine, but, nathless, from the overflow or excess or superabundant exuberance, if I may so term it, of feeling, which comes on my soul, like the torrents from the fish pools of Heshbon, that I lack words to express my joy, and, at the same moment, to laud that benevolence and Christian charity, which I have ever found, and ever hope to find, among my loving followers, followers of an obscure and humble weeder in the garden of righteousness! to avoid circumlocutory expansion of language, and, to save a multiplicity of words, I shall, my beloved hearers, make use of this beautiful simile, I shall compare you to a cow! An odd comparison at a first view of it, but, nevertheless, a just and beautifully appropriate one; the cow, my beloved readers, is an animal so famed by providence for the benefit of its creatures, that the more she is milked the more she yields. So it is with ye all, ye are like that cow; for the more ye have been called upon in the cause of the Lord, the readier ye have been to come forward with that milk,—yes! milk I will call it, for it is the true milk emanating from heaven, the milk of human kindness and Christian benevolence; long may it flow.'

Pause, reader, pause, and be lost in admiration. Here was the cream of Christian discourse! here was conventicle flummery! it need not be told that his hearers swallowed it,—how could they help it? hear this, ye pastors of mother church, and take a lesson from your more humble but not less crafty brother, and ye shall find your account in it; it is not doing the thing, but how the thing is done, that tells.

HISTORICAL RECOLLECTIONS OF LAMBETH, VAUXHALL, AND KENNINGTON.

THE etymology of Lambeth is uncertain; the earliest mention of it is in a charter of King Edward the Confessor, dated in 1080. In 1041, Osgod Clissa a Danish noble, lived here; for it was at the marriage of Getha, his

daughter, with Tovy Prudarn, another Danish noble, that Hardknute, the last king of that race, died suddenly, and not without suspicion of poison. Harold was crowned at Lambeth, probably at Kennington, where there was formerly a palace. Of the five manors into which the parish was once divided, that of Kennington, called in Domesday *Chenintune*, is the most remarkable for historical incidents. It was at Kennington, in 1231, that Henry III. held a solemn Christmas, under the superintendence, and at the charge of Hubert de Burgh, his chief-justice; next year a parliament was held at the same place. Edward the Black Prince resided at Kennington; and Stow records a famous mummery, enacted at the palace in 1377, by 130 citizens, 'disguised and well horsed,' for the entertainment of his son Richard. Where the palace stood, or when it was destroyed, is uncertain; but Camden, who wrote in 1607, is incorrect when he says there was no vestige of it, and the very name of a palace unknown. Charles II., while prince of Wales, occupied the site in 1615, and ten acres of ground, formerly the palace-garden. The last traces of the royal residence was a barn, which existed so late as 1786, and which, in 1700, had formed a receptacle for distressed protestants.

The church is a homely structure, supposed to have been built by Archbishop Chicheley, about the year 1414. In the south-east window is a picture of the famous pedlar, the great benefactor of the parish, with a staff in his hand, and a pack on his back. The tradition is, that the pedlar gave one acre of land, situate near the east end of the Surrey abutment of Westminster bridge, for leave to bury his dog in holy ground. The genuineness of this story may be doubted; and, on recently viewing the picture, it occurred to us, that it was either intended to represent St. Peter, or to exemplify the primitive humility of the first teachers of christianity. However this may be, the Pedlar's Acre has turned out a valuable donation: in 1504 it was an osier-bed, and let at 2s. 6d. per annum; in 1812 it was estimated by two surveyors, on behalf of the parish, to be worth a rent of 1050l. per annum.

Near the church is Lambeth Palace, or, as it is called by the natives, the Bishop's House. The site of the palace, with gardens and enclosed ground, occupy thirteen acres. Some

years ago the archbishop had a law-suit with the parishioners, on account of the poor assessment, which he refused to pay, on the ground that his domains were extra-parochial: this turned out to be the case, though many were surprised that his grace should demur to so trifling a claim, since, had deep search been made for precedents, it might have been discovered that, instead of a tenth, the poor had a claim to one-fourth of the archiepiscopal revenues. In the receiver's apartment is a representation of a dove and serpent, with the priestly motto ascribed to Cardinal Pole,—*Estate prudentes sicut serpentes, et innocentes sicut columbae*. The library contains about 25,000 volumes, but relating chiefly to church history and school divinity; it is probably not so valuable as Dr. Franklin's little manual of 'Poor Richard's Almanack.'

Lambeth has been always celebrated for its amusements. At the beginning of the last century Cuper's Gardens were a noted place of public diversion, and much frequented by the nobility. They were under the management of Widow Evans, and it is curious to contrast the puffs and advertisements with which John Bull was then baited, with present allurements. The following is one from the *Daily Advertiser*, June 28, 1743:—

Cuper's Gardens.

'This is to acquaint ladies and gentlemen, that this night will be burnt the *Gorgon's head*, or more properly the head of *Medusa*, in history, said to have snakes in her hair, and to kill men by her looks; such a thing as was never known to be done in England before.'

The site of Cuper's Gardens is now occupied by Beaufoy's vinegar works, in South Lambeth.

The notion that Fawkeshall or Vauxhall Gardens derive their name from Guy Faux, of gunpowder-treason notoriety, appears to have no better foundation than a person named Vaux having formerly lived there. The gardens have been a place of great popular attraction for more than a century. On the 7th of June, 1743, Mr. Tyers, the proprietor, opened them with a splendid illumination, and an advertisement of a *ridotto al fresco* (a term then unknown to the people); about four hundred persons were present, mostly in masks and dominos. Till the building of Westminster Bridge, the passage to the gardens was from the opposite shore by water,

or over London Bridge, and through the Borough. By Mr. Addison's account in the *Spectator*, the gardens were opened so early as the month of May; that masks were worn by some of the company; that mead was a favorite liquor with those who wore them, and that Burton ale was in request with gentlemen. So great was the delight Mr. Tyers took in this place, that he caused himself to be carried into the garden a few hours before his death, to take a last look at them. The price of admission was one shilling till 1792, when, additional amusements and decorations having been provided, it was raised to two shillings; which, in consequence of further improvements, and the reduction of the number of nights of representation from six to three, was raised to 4s. (now 3s. 6d.) The average number of company used to be about one thousand, but this number has been greatly exceeded; and, from the manner in which the gardens were conducted last season, it is probable they will again become a popular place of resort.

Lambeth is associated with recollections more valuable than scenes of gaiety, or even architectural remains; it has been the abode of learning, ingenuity, and virtue. The Tradescants hold a conspicuous place among the worthies of the parish; their virtues may be collected from their epitaph in the church-yard:—

'Know, stranger, ere thou pass, beneath this stone
Lye John Tradescant, grandsire, father, son:
The last dy'd in his spring; the other two
Liv'd till they had travell'd art and nature
through,

As by their choice collections may appear,
Of what is rare in land, in sea, in air;
Whilst they (as Homer's Iliad in a nut,)
A world of wonders in one closet shut.
These famous antiquarians, that had been
Both gardeners to the rose and lily queen,
Transplanted now themselves, sleep here; and
when
Angels shall with their trumpets waken men,
And fire shall purge the world, these three shall
rise,
And change the garden for a paradise.'

In the new ledger, placed by public subscription in 1773, the three last lines are omitted. Mr. Edward Moore, the author of 'the Gamester,' and the periodical paper called 'the World,' resided in Lambeth; and Mr. Francis Moore, of 'Loyal Almanack' memory, lived many years at the north corner of Calcot's Alley, in the Bach Lane, now called High Street, where he followed the joint occupation of astrologer, schoolmaster, and physician. The house in which Mr.

Bushel at the site the is thus —' Mr. known fear of a fair turret danger servant woman cealmer day, w orchard peace w which house, end was tress, w head; bed, on emblem genious a vast Bacon.'

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Bushell lived might be seen till lately at the corner of Oakley Street, opposite the Asylum; its singular occupant is thus described in Aubrey's Survey:—‘Mr. Bushell, (says he.) a man well known to Chancellor Bacon, being in fear of Oliver Cromwell, absconded to a fair house here, where the piqued turret is. He was obnoxious, and in danger of his life; and his old faithful servant, John Sydenham, and an old woman, were alone privy to his concealment. This private life in the day, with his nightly diversion in his orchard, lasted a whole year, until his peace was made. He lay in a garret, which was the length of the whole house, hung with black baise; at one end was a skeleton, extended on a mattress, which was rolled up under its head; at the other end a low pallet bed, on which the said Bushell lay; and on the wall was depicted various emblems of mortality. He was an ingenious and contemplative man, and a vast admirer of his great master, Bacon.’

Biography.

EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURER.

THE French papers of Saturday state, that the famous Kabris, son-in-law of the King of the Savages of the island of Noukahiwa, lately died very suddenly, at Valenciennes, where he went, as to many other towns, to exhibit himself for a small sum. *The Biographie des Hommes Vivans* contains the following notice of this singular character:—

‘Joseph Kabris, born at Bordeaux, was taken prisoner on board a French ship, where he was a sailor, and conducted to England, where he obtained permission to enter on board a whaler, destined for the South Seas. Escaped from the wreck of this vessel, which was lost on the coast of Noukahiwa (St. Catherine), in the Great Ocean, Kabris fell into the hands of the *Anthropophagi*, or Man-eaters, who were preparing to make him suffer the fate of Marion, and, perhaps, of La Perouse; the club was actually lifted that was to fell him to the earth, when Valmaiska, the young daughter of the king, demanded and obtained mercy for him, and shortly afterwards married him, to the great disappointment of the *gastronomes* of the country, to whom the good condition of Kabris had excited a hope of enjoying the most exquisite cheer.

‘The morning after his marriage feast, in which Kabris had appeared with a mantle made of the bark of a tree, like that worn by the king, the monarch tattooed him himself, as the nobles of the island are tattooed; he traced, on the left side of his face, the sign which distinguishes the

royal family of Noukahiwa. He was then invested with the functions of grand judge, and acquitted himself with much prudence and cleverness, which was promoted by the simplicity of the language and laws of this people, who do not yet embarrass the march of justice with numerous forms. The thief is tied for several days to a tree. An assassin is killed by the family of the deceased, his body divided between the different tribes. The traitor is flayed alive and thrown into the sea, as he is not thought worthy even of being eaten. —Kabris had been for nine years the father of a family, and enjoyed, in his eminent character of judge, family happiness and the favours of fortune, when he was carried away, in his sleep, as he says, by the Russian Captain Krusenstern.

‘When he arrived at Petersburgh, he was appointed *Professor of Swimming* in the Imperial School for the Navy, and he returned to France in 1817, on board the vessel which went to Russia to bring back the remainder of the French troops. It seems that Captain Krusenstern had no other motive for carrying away Kabris, but to show this prodigy to his sovereign. When he awoke, far from Valmaiska and his children, he made many useless complaints, but, forced to resign himself to his fate, to make it more agreeable, he solicited permission to return to France. Soon after his arrival at Paris he was presented to the king, who showed him signs of his good will; and, sometime afterwards, he received a similar reception from the King of Prussia, who was then in that capital.

‘Before returning to his native town, Kabris showed himself to the public, to levy on it the funds necessary for his journey to Bourdeaux, whence he proposed to return to the South Seas, desiring again to propound the oracles of justice to the savages of Noukahiwa, whose manners he pretends to have improved.

‘Kabris was possessed of good sense and some instruction: and, in his answers, displayed a degree of frankness, which does not permit us to apply to his stories, at least not too rigorously, the epithet of tiresome, which originates in that country where he was born. People who are fond of observing curious relations, have remarked that this man, whose greatness had departed like a dream, chose the Cabinet de Illusions as the place to show himself in, and the Solon of Noukahiwa supplied the place of the dog Munito, at a theatre of Manonnettes.’

Original Poetry.

THE BLUEBELLS.

‘SWEET bluebells we!
Mid flow'rs of the lea
The likest in hue to heav'n;
Our bonnets so blue,
Are tinged with the dew
That drops from the sky at ev'n.

Our bloom, more sweet
Than dark violet,
Or tulip's purple stain,

At every return
Of the dew-breathing morn,
Grows brighter and brighter again.

The proud pink-rose
Like a conqueror grows,
The lily droops like a girl;
But the rose is surpast,
Thought of ruby its breast,
And the lily, tho' its cheek were pearl.

Is heav'n's own hue
Less beauteous than you,
Bold scarlet and sad pale?—
Then why should your flow'r
Not heav'nly, like ours,
Be the queens of the mountain and vale?
D.

SONNET.—To Miss S***** H***.

LADY, whose soul imbued with music's charm,
Gives graceful utterance to thy wit's disport;
Whom now shall thine eyes' radiance alarm?
Who the sweet influence of thy converse court?

Tho' absent, still at close of silent eve,
Shall fancy trace thy form of loveliness;
Whilst on the raptur'd ear again shall ring
The thrilling chords, which thou couldst matchless bring,
So to enchant, one almost might believe,
An angel's touch th'harmionious strings did press!

Yet thou art absent—waking memory
Recalls it with a sigh—and, as it strives
To hide the anguish which the heart's-core
rives,
Regret's dim starting tear still speaks it true to thee!

Sept. 1822. *M.

THE KING AND THE PRIEST.

A king once made perambulation,
To see the glories of his nation;
But who he was, or when he reigned,
Has not been very well explained.
Some made him speeches,—some gave feasts,
And ate and drank like very beasts;
Amongst the rest he chanc'd to call
On a poor priest, with living small,
Who had no feast to spread before him,
And thought a speech would only bore him;
Seeing that of such fulsome stuff
His Majesty had quantum suff:
Therefore he welcom'd him in rhyme,
And sung it in good tune and time;
For, that the king might not forget it,
To pretty music he had set it.

Royalty smil'd,—the thing was new,—
Bravo exclaim'd the courtier crew;
While, 'stead of finding it a bore,
The gentle monarch cried, ‘Eencore!’
Again the priest attun'd his throat,
Again he ran o'er ev'ry note,
And, when at length his ditty ceases,
The monarch gave him fifty pieces.
The priest wide open'd both his eyes,
The gold had filled him with surprize,
But thinking he should like some more,
‘Bravo! my liege,’ he cried, ‘eencore?’
The king, for kings are seldom very thrifty,
Grinn'd at the joke, and gave him t'other fifty!

W. LACEY.

TO JOY.

From the German of Schiller.
Joy! spark of ethereal fire,
Gift of God to man below,
We approach, with warm desire,
To thy shades whence raptures flow.

Thy bewitching charms unite
What was rent by fashion's hand ;
Love, as is a brother's right,
Reigns where'er thy wings expand.

CHORUS.

May thy charms the world prove !
Here ! this kiss to mankind all !
Friends, above this earthly ball
Must a father rule with love.

Who the raptures e'er hath prov'd
To possess a friend on earth ;
Who has gain'd the heart he lov'd,
Let him mix with our's his mirth.
Yes, e'en they, who only know
Their own beneath one single heart ;
But who ne'er felt friendship's glow
In tears let from this circle part.
All on this terrestrial zone
Bow to sacred sympathy ;
It conducts to spheres on high,
Where is fix'd th' Almighty's throne.

On the breast of nature kind
Every being drinks of joy,
Good and bad—all seek to find
Pleasures sweet without alloy.
Grapes she gave us, and a kiss,
And a faithful friend bestow'd ;
To the worm a sensual bliss,
And the cherub lives with God.
World ! ye asunder fall ?
Dream ye of a God, mankind ?
Seek him 'bove the stars to find,
He must live beyond this ball.

Joy 'tis call'd that turns the ring
In eternal nature's range !
Joy for ever moves the spring
Of the grand terrestrial change.
From the seed the flower it rears,
Suns plants in the heav'n's on high ;
Rolls, in space infinite, spheres
Never scan'd by mortal eye.

Constant, pure as yonder sun,
Which obeys its Maker's will,
Steer your course with pleasure still,
Till the crown of bliss be won.

In pure truth's resplendent rays
Joy is found bedeck'd with smiles ;
Through stern virtue's craggy ways,
Fondly it mankind beguiles.
On faith's hilly verdant scene
Are its banners fair display'd,
Through the rents of coffins seen,
'Midst angelic choirs array'd.
Suffer patiently, mankind !
Suffer for a better world ;
Where God's presence is unfurl'd,
Shall a blest reward ye find.

Gift of Gods we can't requite,
Glorious 'tis like them to shine ;
Let, then, grief approach our site,
With the happy cease to pine ;
All revenge be here forgot,
And our enemy forgiv'n ;
Tears of sorrow hurt him not,
From him every care be driv'n.
Let our books of debts be burn'd !
Reconcil'd the world all !
Friends, above this earthly ball,
As we've done, be us return'd.

Joy flows from the sparkling bowl,
And the ruby drops of wine
Soothe to peace the savage soul,
Bid despair cease to repine.
Spring, O spring, then from your chair,
When the summer circling flies,

Drink with shouts that rend the air,
Harmonic spirits in the skies.

In whose praise the voices move,
And the hymn seraphic flows ;
Bow to him, he bliss bestows,
There, the starry spheres above.

Courage firm, 'midst trying woes,
Help to innocence forlorn ;
Truth, when pledg'd to friends or foes,
Eternity to oaths sworn.
Manliness at princes' seats,
Yea, though it our blood bedew,
A crown to worth, where'er it beats
Destruction to the lying crew.

Round the circle closer draw,
Swear, then, by the crimson wine,
Ne'er these pledg'd vows to resign ;
Swear it by th' eternal law. P.

Fine Arts.

THE ACHILLES IN THE PARK.

'The large Achilles.'—SHAKSPEARE.

SIR,—I have ventured to submit the following remarks on the statue in Hyde Park to your notice, in consequence of a paper which appeared in *The Literary Chronicle* of July 27th (No. 167). It may seem strange that I should have suffered a period of two months to intervene before I made this communication ; which must appear to have arrived at a time when the ardour of critical war is beginning to cool—and the whole affair to sink into oblivion, like every other nine days' wonder. I should not be over-anxious, even were it in my power, to renew the contest :—then, why renew the recollection of it ? a likely question to be asked, and which I will answer. I had just permitted my vanity to outweigh my reluctance of meddling in affairs which did not concern me, when I was called from London by the death of a dear friend. On my return I had quite forgotten all thoughts of my previous intention ; but, last Sunday, I had the fortune (good or bad, as you shall please to think it, Mr. Editor) of meeting with my old tutor, Geoffrey Blazon, Esq. and as worthy and respectable an A. S. S. as ever pored over a black letter folio or peered through spectacles on the preserved loveliness of an undeniably Egyptian mummy. Ever since the publication of *the unknown's romance*—Kenilworth, he has been strangely pottering his good old brains, in order to prove himself related to or descended from the Master Mumblazen, there represented as the intimate friend and associate of the unfortunate father of the still more unfortunate Amy, Countess of Leicester. Consequently, he has made considerable progress in the study of heraldry,

in order to emulate his famous progenitor ; and, on the day above-mentioned, he stalked up to me with more than his usual significance, and without reverting in the slightest way to more familiar topics, asked me 'what I thought of that *pretty piece of business* ;' pointing to the gigantic statue, which was at some distance. I replied, in Rogers's words, 'that I thought it highly improbable, that a man who had made so many *breaches* in Troy should not have reserved *one pair* for himself.' It did not *take*, however ; his former features seemed absolutely *ferrified* with astonishment ; and he exclaimed, in a tone of indignant surprise,—' sir, whom may you take that figure to typify ?—' Achilles, sir, I am given to understand.' 'Sir, it is a mistake, a great mistake ;' but I had to learn that Achilles was a tailor of Troy, especially as the Trojans could have no need of breeches-makers, as it is evident, from all the vestiges of antiquity, of which I profess myself a devoted admirer, that have come down to us uninjured by time, that the femoral habiliments which we designate breeches, were unknown to the ancients, and that they rather wore the *fasci*.—' My good sir, I assure you that you completely misunderstand me, I only mean—' 'Sir, I know what you mean, but you are wrong ; if you will walk with me to the gardens, however, I will endeavour to release you from the maze of error in which you at present seem to wander.' I accepted his invitation ; and, after having listened for an hour and a-quarter to 'his cogent reasons,' as he expressed himself, in which he attempted to prove that the original figure was a Grecian herald of the Pythian games, without having been able to edge in one word of my own, I at length effected a retreat, leaving the old gentleman in not the mildest mood at my non-conviction and abrupt departure.

From this interview, my second determination arose of sending a reply to the attack above-mentioned, on the identification of Achilles. In the first place, are there any reasonable objections against the nominating this statue 'Achilles ?' We will see. You have mentioned the names of Uz and Buz, and Goliah of Gath, and Gog and Magog, and you say that it might as well pourtray one of these gentlemen as Achilles ; but, as you have not adduced any argument why it should be either Uz or Buz, &c. I presume it can only be a matter of critical conjecture. The

idea of the ex-sheriff is really absurd, for, supposing that a *sycce* or *running groom* could have been fortunate enough to be an object worthy the workmanship of at least not a middling artist, and even to have aspired to a situation on the Monte Cavello, what, in the name of Nonsense, could be the cause of his energetic and apparently wrathful attitude? has he pulled the horse's tail too hard and got a kick of the shins?—serve him right.

‘Sed tamen amoto queramus seria ludo.’

The original, perhaps, *might* have been meant for Castor or for Pollux, why not for Achilles? the writer in the ‘Herald’ talks of the ‘shameful’ and ‘downright ignorance’ of the erectors of this monument, because *they* say that the figure is supposed to be seated on horseback: that it is very *unlikely*, from the attitude of the statue, I will readily grant; but, if the statue be that of Castor or his brother or Alexander, the anachronism that he complains of is done away with. I *think* I have *read* of Alexander’s riding, and I *know* I have *seen* an impression of an antique gem, in which the ‘star-crested twins’ are represented on horseback. We may, therefore, suppose, that they who contend that it is a horseman, will give up the claim of Achilles. That the sword and shield are very unfit appendages for the hero of Homer, there can be no doubt; the former objection has been removed since the erection of the statue, but the *sauce-pan-cover* still decorates its left arm. As Mr. Westmacott has thought fit to give him a sword and a shield, *it would have been better* if he had made them more in character with their bearer; and, as he thought himself authorised to make this innovation, *it would have been as well* if he had brought the drapery which hangs on the left arm over the left thigh; it certainly would have been more decent, and, perhaps, not harmed the general effect. But this is all a digression; the question is, if the original statue be a representative of Achilles. It is evident that the whole is involved in mystery and doubt, and no one can tell what the original was really meant for:—then, surely, if contending critics cannot agree, the artist is at liberty to baptize this *foundling* according to his judgment, as others have done before him. If the moment is taken when Pelides snatches up his arms and vows vengeance for the death of his friend Patroclus, this figure may certainly designate that hero. The attitude of revenge and ire, and the features in-

flamed with anger, looking up to Heaven, as though in silent reproach, are clearly expressive of ‘Achilles’ wrath,’ by which title I have more than once heard this statue denominated. In the next place, you object against the representation of a British general, by an individual who has nothing in common with him. According to Horace,—

‘Honoratum si forte reponis Achillem,
Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer
Jura neget sibi nata, nihil non arroget armis;’

Achilles would not be a complimentary parallel, but he was brave, noble, ‘the sinew and the fore-hand of the host,’ and, as such, no disparaging representative of the great duke. You inveigh severely against the servile copying of the antique. One of* the greatest, if not the greatest, of our British painters has, in his lectures, throughout recommended the study and the imitation and adaption of the antique: now, Mr. Westmacott has never disguised his intention of copying an ancient statue of Achilles. Michael Angelo did not disdain to do this; then why should it be brought as a charge against Mr. Westmacott? I must differ with you, also, concerning the ‘askaunt and half-afraid eye’ with which you have been pleased to endow ‘Mr. Achilles.’ In my humble opinion, the south-east view of the statue is very magnificent; the face appearing to me, at least, to bear a noble and spirited expression stamp upon the features, the very reverse of fear and ‘askaunt-eyed looks.’ As to the decency I have nothing to say; if the ladies of Great Britain choose to exhibit their *brass in the public way* during this present century, in the next we shall have something worse. We will hope their motives were better than their actions testify.

I remain, sir, your’s &c.

A. J. T.

The Drama AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—Since the time that this theatre rose from the ashes of its last dreadful conflagration, we believe the commencement of a new season was never looked forward to with so much interest as at present. The public is partially acquainted with the alterations that have taken place, and long to have an opportunity of witnessing genuine comedy and tragedy in a theatre of proper dimensions. We have always been against the enormous size of our winter theatres, and

* Sir Joshua Reynolds.

have contended that, however reluctant managers might be to reduce their size, ‘to this complexion they must come at last;’ and we are persuaded that, ultimately, they will find it to their advantage. It was the immense size of the theatres, and nothing else, that drove the public to frequent spectacles, which they could see, in preference to the legitimate drama, which they could neither see nor hear.

This inconvenience will, however, exist no longer, so far as relates to this theatre, Mr. Elliston having, with a spirit and liberality which does him infinite honour, reduced the audience part of the theatre to proper dimensions and enlarged the stage. It was only on the 1st of August that the whole of the interior was pulled down to the naked walls, and such has been the activity of the workmen, under the able direction of Mr. Beazley, that the whole has been re-modelled, and is nearly completed. The following account of the alterations which have taken place, is from a respectable periodical, the ‘Lady’s Magazine,’ for this month; and we can bear evidence to its general correctness:—

‘The front boxes, which before were proportionally much nearer to the curtain than in any other theatre, are now advanced five feet nearer, and the width from box to box is ten feet less than before, so that the pit is rendered narrower by that space. The ceiling has also been lowered five feet, and the opening of the stage has been heightened; and thus every part is made to correspond in the nicest symmetry, and the best scope is given for the scenic picture. That intermixture of the audience with the actors, which destroyed the illusion and produced great inconveniences, will now be obviated by an entire change in the proscenium. Two Corinthian pillars of burnished gold will terminate the public boxes, and give to the stage a definite boundary. Behind these a curtain of superfine green cloth will be extended previous to the commencement and after the close of each performance, forming a most refreshing contrast to the gaudy curtains lately copied from the French, and giving the welcome repose to the eye after the splendours of the scene. A splendid drop scene will also be exhibited at the proper intervals. The prevailing colour of the house will be French white, profusely embellished with burnished gold ornaments, while the interior of the boxes will be of the richest scarlet. It may well be conceived that the interior will combine airiness and magnificence in a felicitous union never before realised in any theatre in London.

‘To ensure the comfort of every class of the audience, great attention has been

devoted. At the back of the dress circle are twelve family boxes, each of which will commodiously hold eight persons, and will allow to all a complete view of the stage. These may be taken by the night; but, if not engaged, will be opened for the accommodation of any respectable visitors of the theatre who may choose to occupy them. Each of the dress boxes will be adapted for the reception of nine persons only, for all of whom chairs will be provided. All the arrangements tend to the exclusion of improper company from the neighbourhood of the dress circle, and to the entire prevention of circumstances which have made many an honourable man feel that he had done an imprudent, if not a criminal act, in conducting the most beautiful and innocent of his countrywomen to the national theatre. In the pit, that elevation which has been found so advantageous already, has been preserved; and we have heard that some improvements have been projected, though we cannot speak with certainty respecting them: perhaps some of these changes, which require consideration, have not been finally decided. Nor have the hearty frequenters of the gallery been forgotten; their domain has been rendered much more commodious, and brought five feet nearer to the stage, though before considerably nearer than in Covent Garden. This advantage will, we trust, increase the enjoyments of Olympus, and render it less boisterous. The expence of the alterations is about 13,000L.

The arrangements behind the curtain are not less important than those before it; and every exertion has been made to procure such a company as shall do honour to the renovated glories of Old Drury. The company engaged at this theatre for the ensuing season combines such a constellation of tragic, comic, and operatic talent as was scarcely ever united under the same leader. There is Kean, in himself a host; and Mr. Young, so long a favourite on the London boards, and who, to the regret of all true play-goers, has not been sufficiently before the public of late years. We cannot but look forward to an intellectual banquet of the highest order when these two great performers appear together; and we trust that no little jealousies will prevent them from doing their utmost. We may then see *Venice Preserved*, *Othello*, *Julius Cæsar*, and all our best tragedies performed in a way we have not seen them represented for some years.

If we turn to comedy, we find the company equally strong; since there will be Dowton, Munden, Terry, Elliston, Harley, Knight, Fitzwilliam, &c.; and, though Liston is not posi-

tively engaged, yet we believe we shall next week have to add him to the list of this powerful company.

In opera there are Braham, Miss Stephens, Madame Vestris, Miss Povey, Miss Cubitt, Miss Forde, and Mrs. Austin,—a singer of considerable reputation from Dublin.

Among the other performers engaged, we notice Mrs. W. West (the best female tragedian on the stage); Mrs. Glover, excellent in the personation of ladies of a certain age; Mrs. Davison, the Lady Teazle of the day; and Miss Copeland, a delightful actress of all work; with other excellent performers; there are also Mr. Cooper, whose talents entitled him to an earlier notice, and Mr. Younge, and a Mr. Mercer from Liverpool, of whom report speaks highly: ‘last not least in our dear love’ comes that little prodigy,—the drama personified in miniature,—Miss Clara Fisher.

It will be gratifying to no inconsiderable portion of the public, to learn that the ballet is to be restored to this theatre, and that it will consist of an entirely English company, including Mr. and Mrs. Noble and Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Byrne, Miss Tree, &c.; and the whole will be under the able direction of M. D'Egville.

The theatre will open on the 12th inst. with Sheridan's inimitable comedy of the *School for Scandal* and *Paul and Virginia*. Several new pieces are in preparation, including a new tragedy of great promise, from a powerful pen; and a new harlequinade for Christmas is already in progress. Thus it will be seen that the public may look forward to an ample source of gratification in this theatre for the whole of next season.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.—This house commenced its winter season on Tuesday night, under the able management of Mr. Charles Kemble. Few alterations have been made in this theatre, nor were many wanting; some judicious improvements have, however, been made. The basket has been removed, and the boxes of the dress circle made deeper; the whole of the theatre has also been re-touched and embellished.

The house opened with Shakspeare's operatized comedy of the *Twelfth Night*, in which Mr. Bartley, from the English Opera House, and Mr. Blanchard, sustained the characters of Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Aguecheek, left vacant by the death of poor Emery, and the secession of Liston; and,

notwithstanding the two latter were such esteemed favourites in these characters, yet the able performance of Mr. Bartley and Mr. Blanchard will do much to make us forget their predecessors in those characters. Bartley is always at home in Shakspeare, and will do justice in many of the plays of our immortal bard, which have almost been shelved for want of a proper representative. Miss M. Tree's Viola was every thing that could be wished; and the rest of the parts were well sustained. The melo-drame of *The Miller and his Men*, was the afterpiece, and was well performed.—The house was well attended.

On Wednesday evening, Morton's comedy of *Speed the Plough* was performed for the purpose of introducing a Mr. Evans, from the Bath Theatre, as Farmer Ashfield. This gentleman possesses many requisites for the stage, with which he seems well acquainted, and will be an acquisition to the theatre. Mr. W. Farren's Sir Abel Handy was amusing, and Miss Foote's Susan Ashfield lovely and interesting. We trust that great exertions will be made to strengthen the company at this house, for we should be glad to see it capable of an honourable competition with the sister theatre. Among the new engagements already is that of Miss Paton, from the Haymarket Theatre; and we understand that Mr. Kemble is in treaty with other actors and actresses of merit.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—The *Beggar's Opera* has been admirably performed at this theatre, during the last week; Miss Paton appeared for the first time in *Polly*, and gave all the exquisite songs of this best of operas with admirable effect. In ‘Cease your Funning,’ a song in which the pretensions of the singer are usually tried, she overcame its difficulties with dexterity, executed the whole crowd of cadences which the example of Miss Stephens has made popular, shewed her capability of every shake and ornament of this most difficult melody, and was encored. The remaining airs and harmonies were sung with a truth and correctness that gave high gratification to the ear, and, with the able acting of the principal parts, completed one of the best performances that we have been indulged with for a long time. Miss Paton was ably supported by a new Macbeth, in the person of a Mr. Davis, a pupil of Pio Cianchettini, who appeared for a few nights at the English Opera House, some three years ago.

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He possesses a fine person and an excellent voice, and was received in the most favourable manner. His first song, which begins with ' My heart was as free,' gave striking proof of the richness, tenderness, and facility of his voice. This song was encored, and the second performance was even more fortunate than its first.—Then came the delightful old duet, ' Were I on Greenland's coast,' which was encored.—' When the heart of a man is oppressed with cares,' the song which allows the first opportunity for display among all the melodies of this most vocal of highwaymen, was admirably sung, and with a still more attractive evidence of the feeling and expression of his touching voice. His whole performance and execution of the several songs was in good taste, and displayed talent of a superior order.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—The benefits have commenced at this theatre, and have been very well attended. The last four new pieces retain all their attraction; their career of popularity will, however, be interrupted by the close of the season, which terminates on Saturday. Numerous as the pieces produced at this house during the season have been, they have all been successful, and some of them will be added to the stock-list of the theatre.

ADEPHI THEATRE.—The active and spirited proprietors of this charming little theatre have made great preparations for an active campaign, which commences on Monday.

Literature and Science.

Volcanoes.—The remarkable fall of the barometer, which took place almost simultaneously throughout all Europe, on the 26th of December, 1821, and which in some cases was accompanied with an agitation of the magnetic needle, induced many persons to conjecture that some tremendous convulsion of nature must have visited some part of the globe. This conjecture has at least been verified by a volcanic eruption of the old volcano of Eyafjeld Jokkul, which has been in a quiet state since the year 1612.—This mountain, otherwise called Mount Hecla, is about 5666 feet in height. It is nearly equidistant from Kolla and Hecla, and is the southernmost of the chain where the dreadful eruption broke out about the middle of the last century. On the 19th December, 1821, the eruption began. The crater was formed at the distance five miles from the minister's

house at Holt, and discharged itself through the thick mass of ice that enveloped it, and which is seldom melted. The ice was dispersed in every direction, and a mass, 18 feet high, and 60 feet in circumference, fell towards the north. A number of stones, of different sizes, rolled down the mountain, accompanied with a noise like thunder; and this was immediately followed by a discharge of an enormous and lofty column of flame, which illuminated the whole country, and allowed the people at Holt to read as perfectly within their houses at night as if it had been day. Ashes, stones, gravel, and heavy melted masses of rock, some of which weighed about 50lbs. were thrown up, and one of these last was found at the distance of five miles from the crater. On the day immediately following the eruption, a great quantity of greyish-white powder of pumice was discharged, and carried about by the wind, so as to fall like snow, through every opening. It exhaled a disagreeable smell of sulphur, brought on affections in the eyes, and occasioned diseases among the sheep in Vester Eyafjeld and Oste Landoe.

The Bee.

*On the Report of the Marquis of Lansdown having joined the Ministry.
(Saint George loquitur.)*

Give me your hand, dear Johnny Bull,
Britannia's cup of joy is full,
No more be cross and fretty ; *
For know, the minister of state
In aidance brought, is truly GREAT,
Though envy calls him Petty. †

PROBUS.

Republican Simplicity.—When Philip III., King of Spain, sent his ambassador to treat with the States of Holland, about their independency, he was shewn into an anti-chamber, where he waited to see the members of the states pass by. He staid for some time, and seeing none but a parcel of plain-dressed men, with bundles in their hands, (which, as many of them came from distant provinces, contained their linen and provisions) he turned to his interpreter, and asked him when the states would come. The man replied, that those were the members whom he saw go by : upon which he wrote to the commanders in chief of the Spanish army, to advise the king his master to make peace as soon as possible: in his letter was this remark-

* This word should not be objected to as being new. It is formed by the same analogy as *jettie*, and may be made useful.

† Henry Petty, Marquis of Lansdown.

able passage; ' I expected to have seen in the states a splendid appearance; but, instead of that, I saw only a parcel of plain-dressed men, with sensible faces, who came into council with their provisions in their hands. Their parsimony will ruin the king, my master, in the course of the war, if it be continued, for there is no contending with people whose nobles can live upon a shilling a day, and will do every thing for the service of their country. The king, struck with this account, agreed to treat with them as an independent state, and to put an end to the war.'

Abulfeda.—This Arabian philosopher of the desert being asked one day how he came to know that there was a God?—' In the same way as I know by the prints that are made in the sand whether a man or beast had passed before me. Do not,' added he, ' the heavens, by the splendour of the stars, the world, by the immensity of its extent, and the sea, by the infinity of the waves that it rolls, sufficiently make known to us the power and the greatness of their author?' Another Arabian, having the same question put to him, replied, ' Does it require a flambeau to see the sun ?'

Latin Pun.—Burke, one evening, in snuffing a candle, was awkward enough to snuff it out,—' Ah,' said he, ' I fall under the censure of Horace :

' Brevis esse laboro, obscurus fio.'

Advertisements.

THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE AND HER ROYAL MOTHER.—It was well known, that during the late Queen's Travels she corresponded privately with her Daughter. Copies of their interesting Letters having been put into the hands of the Editor of BELL'S LIFE IN LONDON AND SPORTING CHRONICLE, Weekly Newspaper for the purpose of publication: he begs to announce that they are now regularly appearing in that Paper. The First Three Letters are just reprinted.—To be had of all Newsmen and Postmasters in the kingdom, price only 7d.

* * Bell's genuine Edition of the late **COUNTESS OF GUERNSEY'S CONFESSIONS.** Third Edition, price 1s 6d. Just published by W. R. MACDONALD, 194, Strand.

THE OBSERVER OFFICE, 169, STRAND,
London, Sept. 1822.
**MONDAY EDITION OF
' THE OBSERVER,'**
A Weekly Newspaper, particularly desirable for
Country and Foreign Circulation,—Price
Sevenpence.

Seven years have now elapsed since the publication of a Monday Edition of 'The Observer' commenced. The conductors of this Journal, in now coming forward to express their grateful acknowledgments for the distinguished patron-

age they have progressively received during the whole of that period, and for the high place which they have at length attained in the public estimation, cannot but feel a proud consciousness that this success is not to be ascribed to any sudden or capricious ebullition of popular curiosity, but to the manifest and intrinsic superiority which 'The Monday Edition of The Observer' has invariably maintained over every one of its competitors.

The pledge with which 'The Monday Edition of The Observer' set out has been fully redeemed: no pains—no labour—no expense have been spared to gratify the public taste; and with the full determination of increasing rather than diminishing their zeal, the conductors, with, they trust, not an unbecoming confidence, claim still further support.

It is impossible to speak of 'The Monday Edition of The Observer' without alluding to 'The Sunday Observer,' the parent stock from which it sprung. This paper, which has been established upwards of thirty years, and the circulation of which, as has been incontrovertibly proved by the late Parliamentary Stamp Returns, has outstripped, by some thousands, all its contemporaries, is too universally known to require commendation; and we now only refer to it for the purpose of stating that the same unprecedented exertions—the same talent—the same unremitting activity, which placed that paper in so estimable a point of view, and which has so frequently excited the astonishment as well as the admiration of its readers, are devoted, with equal energy, to promote the utility and uphold the character of 'The Monday Edition.'

It is but due to state, that the literary establishment of these two papers embraces the exclusive labours of seven gentlemen, independent of occasional assistants, whose duty it is assiduously to watch the course of public events, and to pour the joint produce of their labours into their columns. To the obvious results of such an arrangement is to be attributed the great superiority which the two Editions of 'The Observer,' on every occasion, where public curiosity has been awakened, has displayed; and it is to this circumstance the conductors owe the honorable preference which their Journals have, at all times, experienced, when opportunities have been afforded of comparing their merits with those of any other Journal in the metropolis.

The conductors of 'The Observer' are aware, that by thus proclaiming their own fame, they may be accused of unseemly vanity. In this age of competition, however, when so many attempts are made to impose on society by fallacious statements, and by promises never meant to be performed, they think that the old-established servants of the public should come boldly forward,—openly and fairly state their pretensions, and, as the conductors of the two editions of 'The Observer' now do, confidently submit those pretensions to the test of past experience.

The great object of the conductors of 'The Observer' has been not only to furnish to their readers a superior account of every transaction which has happened during the week, but to distinguish its columns by novelty and exclusive information, which had altogether escaped the notice of the other papers. In this effort the means which they possess has enabled them to be singularly successful. Another, and not less important, object has been to pay such attention to the occurrences of the day immediately preceding their publication, as to challenge

comparison with the most respectable of the daily press.

A few instances of the many in which 'The Observer' has stood pre-eminently conspicuous in this way will suffice to shew that the present appeal is grounded upon no idle or fictitious foundation. Many of these efforts must be still fresh in the recollection of the public; and that they have been appreciated according to their merit, we may say the *extraordinary* sale of 'The Observer' affords ample proof.

In 'The Observer' first appeared a full report of the inquest upon the body of the late Samuel Whitbread, Esq. which occurred early in the week, but which escaped the notice of the whole of the rest of the London press.

In 'The Observer' appeared, on the day immediately succeeding the inquiry in the Sheriff's Court, the trial of the Earl of Roseberry v. Sir Henry Mildmay, for crim. con., to the extent of ten columns, a circumstance unprecedented in the history of Sunday newspapers.

In 'The Observer' also appeared, at subsequent periods, a vast number of other important trials, which took place in the same court, and which were unnoticed by other papers till 'The Observer' was published.

In 'The Observer' first appeared the trial of Lord Cochrane, at Guildford, to the extent of seven columns, which trial did not finish till Saturday afternoon, and which was obtained by express.

In 'The Observer' first appeared the verdict in the case of Brandreth, who, with his associates, was tried for high treason at Derby. The verdict in this case was not returned until Saturday afternoon, and was received at the 'Observer Office,' in London, the same night, by aid of fleet horses, placed on the road for that purpose.

In 'The Observer' first appeared the intelligence of the death of his late Majesty, who died at Windsor, on Saturday night, also obtained by a special express.

In 'The Monday's Observer' first appeared the speech of the Attorney-General against Watson and others, when brought to trial at the Court of King's Bench for high treason, to the extent of five columns, on the very day on which the trial commenced. The publication of the trial was subsequently interdicted till the trial was concluded, and the subsequent 'Monday's Observer' was the first to announce Dr. Watson's acquittal. It may be here added, that on several other occasions the 'Monday's Observer' was rendered conspicuous for giving voluminous reports of all the public meetings in Spa-fields and elsewhere, which repeatedly occurred on the day of publication.

In 'The Observer' first, and for some time exclusively, appeared the trials of Thistlewood, Tugs, Brent, and others, convicted of high treason at the Old Bailey, to the extent (a double paper having been published) of thirty columns.

In 'The Observer,' for the first time, and exclusively, appeared a series of most important trials in the Court of Exchequer, of persons against whom informations had been filed by the Attorney-General, for vending imitative tea, coffee, pepper, and other articles of common consumption, as well as against brewers for mixing deleterious drugs with their beer.

In 'The Observer,' for the first time, appeared, exclusively, the Report of the Committee of the House of Commons on the State of the Agriculture of the Country, the Police Report, the Insolvent Debtors' Report, and many others equally interesting. The publication of the former had been suppressed till published by 'The Observer.'

In 'The Observer' appeared the most copious account of the Cato Street Plot, collected by its own reporters, and through the medium of private channels. Plates representing the scene of conspiracy were likewise published in 'The Observer.'

In 'The Observer' appeared the most copious details of every thing connected with the melancholy deaths and funerals of her Majesty Queen Charlotte, and her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte, with their respective memoirs: with regard to the latter, 'The Observer' of every Sunday, for five weeks preceding H. R. H.'s death, contained accounts of her health up to eleven o'clock on each Saturday night preceding, obtained by express from Claremont, engaged for that particular purpose.

With 'The Observer,' originated the system of sending reporters to all the assizes in the kingdom; and from this source innumerable instances of important trials appearing for the first time, and exclusively, in 'The Observer,' may be recorded. Many of these trials were brought from great distances by express, and, at the time of publication, excited extraordinary sensations in the public mind.

In 'The Observer,' for the first time and exclusively, appeared the proceedings of several court martials, which had escaped the notice of other journals, of which

the last, and not the least interesting, was the trial of Lieut. Colonel Gore, at Fortuna Barracks.

In 'The Observer,' exclusively, appeared the first authentic announcement of the intention of her late Majesty, Queen Caroline, to return from the continent to this country, accompanied with an accurate memoir of her Majesty. This was followed by many other exclusive communications of the same character, obtained through the medium of the reporter of 'The Observer,' who proceeded to France for that purpose.

In 'The Observer' first appeared the intelligence of her Majesty's arrival at St. Omer's, obtained by express.

In the 'Monday's Observer' first, exclusively, appeared an account of the termination of Mr. Brougham's negotiations with her Majesty at St. Omer's. Her Majesty's subsequent departure for Calais, embarkation, and arrival at Dover—obtained by an express of extraordinary speed, which quitted Calais on the Sunday night in an open boat—reached Dover at half-past ten the next morning, and arrived at 'The Observer' office at five o'clock the same afternoon. The reporter of 'The Observer' was the only gentleman employed by the London press on this important occasion.

In 'The Observer' subsequently appeared the most detailed accounts of every thing connected with her Majesty's affairs; and 'The Observer' was the first to publish the charges against her Majesty, stated by the Attorney-General in the House of Lords, on the Saturday, to the extent of five columns, when all the other Sunday papers extracted their short accounts from the evening papers of the same day.

'The Observer,' in double papers, afterwards contained the whole of her Majesty's trial, with the speeches of Mr. Brougham and Mr. Denman, verbatim, and to an extent not even attempted by any other branch of the London press.

Finally, 'The Observer' published the best and most interesting details of every circumstance connected with her Majesty's death and funeral.

The 'Monday Observer' was the first to announce the Death, and to give the most copious particulars of the death of the Marquis of Londonderry, and on the subsequent Sunday to publish the most accurate account of this melancholy occurrence, with a memoir of the noble marquis, to the extent of fourteen columns.

The conductors of 'The Observer,' however, must here close their very circumscribed notice of the innumerable instances in which 'The Observer' has proved its just pretensions to the confidence and support of the public. If the limit to which they are necessarily forced to confine this address would permit, their enumeration of extraordinary exertions might be carried to an almost indefinite extent. They have only to add, that on many occasions, where the subjects would permit, copper plate illustrations have been liberally given, at an enormous cost: such was the case in the view of St. Helena, when Buonaparte was banished to that island: the View of Algiers when bombarded by Lord Exmouth: the interior of the House of Lords during the Queen's Trial; and, subsequently, the interior of the House of Commons: four views of the most interesting parts of the ceremony of his present Majesty's Coronation: the view of his Majesty's Landing in Ireland, &c. all of which, in their turn, created a demand for 'The Observer' almost beyond calculation.

If any thing can be added to confirm the liberal principles by which the conductors of 'The Observer' have been at all times influenced, it is the well-known fact, that, where the importance of the subject required it, they have without hesitation sacrificed the whole of their advertisements.

In conclusion, it is only to be remarked, that in all these gigantic efforts to gratify the readers of 'The Observer,' the Monday's Edition has invariably participated; and it is with this knowledge that the conductors now unequivocally and conscientiously recommend the Monday's Edition of 'The Observer' as one of the best weekly newspapers now extant.

The price of the Monday's 'Observer' is only Seven-pence for each paper, or eight shillings and two-pence per quarter. Orders for its transmission are received by the Clerks of the Roads, at the General Post Office, and by the London and Country Newsmen in every part of the united kingdom.

Erratum in the advertisement of 'The Portfolio,' in our last: for 'View of Fonthill Abbey,' read 'Views of Fonthill Abbey.'

London:—Published by J. Limbird, 353, Strand, two doors East of Exeter Change; to whom advertisements and communications for the Editor (post paid) are to be addressed. Sold also by Souter, 73, St. Paul's Church Yard; Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers' Hall Court; H. and W. Smith, 42, Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, and 192, Strand; Booth, Duke Street, Portland Place; Chapple, Pall Mall; by the Booksellers at the Royal Exchange; and by all other Booksellers and News-vendors.—Printed by Davidson, Old Bond Street, Carey Street.—Published in New York by Mr. Seaman.